

No. 19

**THE MASKED MARVEL!**

APRIL

10¢

# Keen **DETECTIVE FUNNIES**

THE MASKED MARVEL  
TAKES THE FUNNIES  
AND PUTS THEM INTO ACTION



MADE IN U.S.A.

© 1941 - 2

DETECTIVE FUNNIES

NO. 19

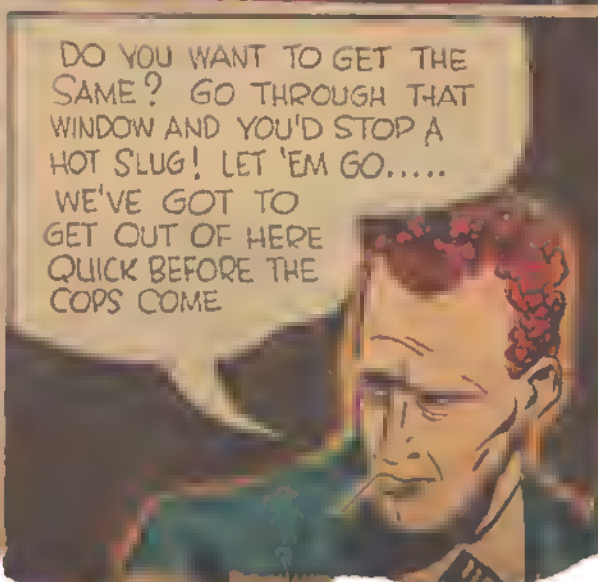
APRIL



## A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.







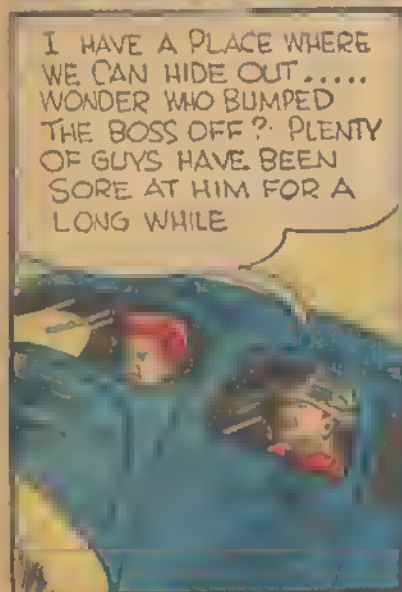


O'TOOLE'S GONE!  
WELL, GUESS HE  
CAN FURNISH ME  
WITH A QUICK  
DRINK BEFORE  
WE GO! LONG  
TIME SINCE I  
HAD ANY OF  
THIS STUFF!



WOULDN'T DO FOR ME  
TO GET CAUGHT THERE.  
I'D HAVE TOO MUCH  
EXPLAINING TO DO... ME  
JUST GETTING OUT  
OF "STIR"

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
RED...WE'LL  
HAVE TO LAY  
LOW

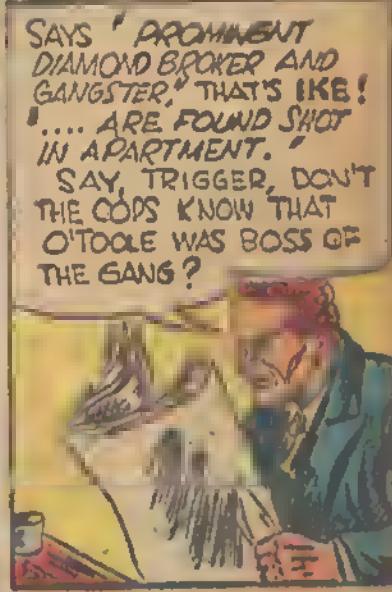


I HAVE A PLACE WHERE  
WE CAN HIDE OUT.....  
WONDER WHO BUMPED  
THE BOSS OFF? PLENTY  
OF GUYS HAVE BEEN  
SORE AT HIM FOR A  
LONG WHILE



THE NEXT MORNING....

LOOK AT THE PAPER,  
TRIGGER. TELLS ABOUT  
O'TOOLE GETTING SHOT.  
COPS FOUND HIM AFTER  
WE LEFT!

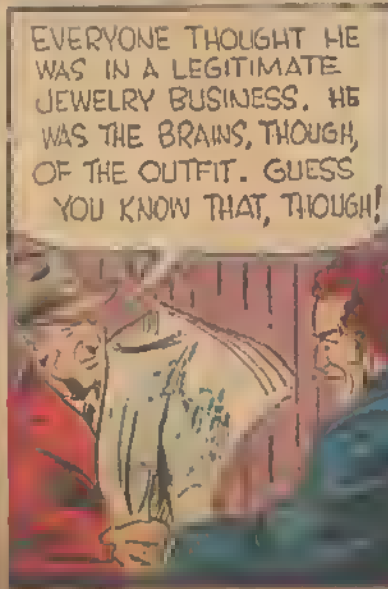


SAYS "PROMINENT  
DIAMOND BROKER AND  
GANGSTER," THAT'S IKE!  
".... ARE FOUND SHOT  
IN APARTMENT."

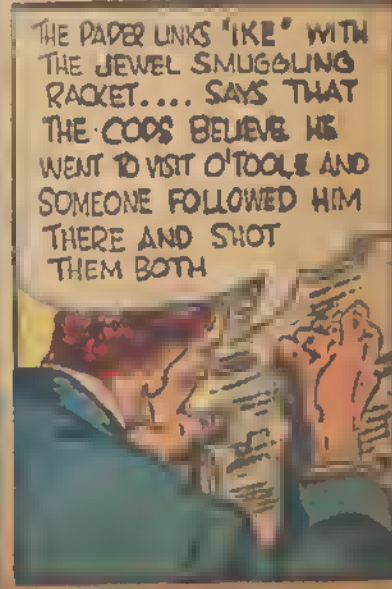
SAY, TRIGGER, DON'T  
THE COPS KNOW THAT  
O'TOOLE WAS BOSS OF  
THE GANG?



NOPE! THE BOSS WAS  
A SLICK ONE. NO ONE  
KNEW HE RAN THE  
RACKET!



EVERYONE THOUGHT HE  
WAS IN A LEGITIMATE  
JEWELRY BUSINESS. HE  
WAS THE BRAINS, THOUGH,  
OF THE OUTFIT. GUESS  
YOU KNOW THAT, THOUGH!



THE PAPER LINKS "IKE" WITH  
THE JEWEL SMUGGLING  
RACKET.... SAYS THAT  
THE COPS BELIEVE HE  
WENT TO VISIT O'TOOLE AND  
SOMEONE FOLLOWED HIM  
THERE AND SHOT  
THEM BOTH



RED... WHY DON'T YOU  
STEP INTO O'TOOLE'S PLACE?  
HE'S MADE PLENTY OF  
DOUGH AND SOMEONE  
HAS TO TAKE OVER

ME?

SURE... WHY NOT YOU?  
YOU KNOW THE RACKET AS  
WELL AS HE DID... AND  
THERE'S ANGLES I GOT  
FIGURED OUT THAT THE  
BOSS NEVER TRIED. YOU  
AND I TOGETHER COULD  
GET RICH IN A SHORT  
TIME. YOU'RE THE GUY  
FOR HIS JOB!

WHY NOT? I SPENT  
TOO MUCH TIME IN PRISON  
TO LET SOMEBODY ELSE  
GET ALL THE GRAVY OUT  
OF THIS RACKET... HOW  
ABOUT THE REST  
OF THE  
MOB?

THERE'S A COUPLE WE GOTTA'  
GET RID OF RIGHT AWAY....  
THE REST I CAN LINE UP  
FOR YOU.... BUT, WE HAVE  
TO WORK FAST. BY THIS  
TIME THEY'LL KNOW ABOUT  
O'TOOLE GETTING  
BUMPED OFF

O.K. LET'S  
GET GOING!

TRIGGER  
HURRIES  
TO A  
NEARBY  
TELEPHONE.

HELLO, GUS? THIS IS  
TRIGGER... MEET ME AT  
THE GARAGE... FOURTH STREET,  
RIGHT AWAY....

ONCE WE GET GUS AND PEPPER  
OUT OF THE WAY WE WON'T HAVE  
ANY TROUBLE WITH THE OTHERS.  
THEY'LL DO WHAT I SAY AND  
THEY'RE ALL YOUR PALS,  
ANYWAY

HERE HE COMES....  
GET READY TO LET  
HIM HAVE IT AS SOON  
AS HE GETS  
INSIDE

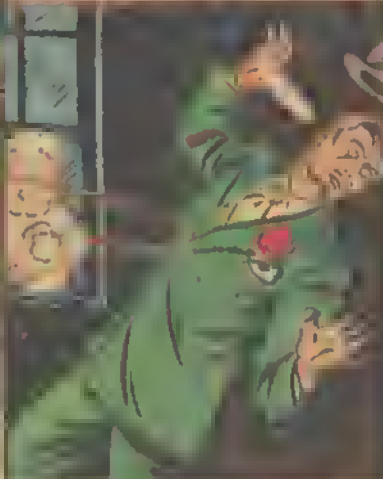
I'M READY!

THE UNSUSPECTING GUS  
ENTERS THE VACANT  
GARAGE TO MEET TRIGGER.

THIS'LL BE A GOOD  
TIME TO TELL  
TRIGGER I'M  
GOING TO BE  
BOSS!



INSIDE, HE MET A WILD  
FUSSILADE OF BULLETS!



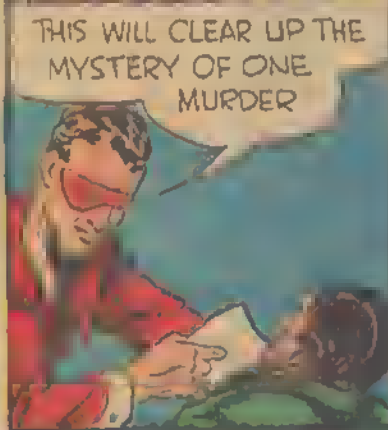
THAT FINISHES HIM....WE'LL  
GET OUT OF HERE AND NO ONE  
WILL KNOW WHO GOT HIM!  
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF  
**PEPPER**  
NEXT!



HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS,  
A SPECTATOR WATCHES THE  
MURDER....IT IS THE  
**MASKED MARVEL!**



AS SOON AS THE KILLERS  
LEAVE, HE HURRIES TO THE  
DEAD GANGSTER AND LEAVES  
A NOTE ON HIS COAT!



THIS WILL CLEAR UP THE  
MYSTERY OF ONE  
MURDER

**THE NOTE**

TO THE POLICE:  
EXAMINE THIS MAN'S  
GUN AND YOU WILL FIND  
IT FIRED THE BULLET  
THAT KILLED  
O'TOOLE.

AS LONG AS THESE CROOKS  
KILL EACH OTHER OFF  
I WON'T INTERFERE.  
BUT, I WILL SEE  
THAT THEIR CRIMES  
AGAINST  
HONEST PEOPLE  
ARE STOPPED!



I COULD EASILY HAVE  
CAUGHT THEM BOTH AND  
TURNED THEM OVER TO  
THE POLICE...BUT, FIRST  
THEY WILL LEAD ME TO THE  
**OTHERS!**



**MEANWHILE.....**

WE GOT AWAY  
WITHOUT  
BEING  
SEEN!

GOOD!  
NOW TO  
MEET  
PEPPER!



IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY, PEPPER WAITS....

TRIGGER WANTS ME TO MEET HIM ON THIS CORNER. MAYBE I CAN GET HIM TO LINE UP WITH ME.... THEN I CAN TAKE OVER THE MOB MYSELF!



AND, WITH A SECOND MURDER, THE TWO CROOKS SPEED AWAY!

WELL, RED, THAT MAKES YOU THE BOSS! AIN'T NOBODY ELSE TO INTERFERE!



POLICE: THIS IS ANOTHER OF O'TOOLE'S MURDERERS. YOU WILL FIND HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT.

WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, RED?

CALL THE BOYS TOGETHER... IF I'M TO BE THE BOSS... NOW'S THE TIME TO START!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

HELLO... CHIEF? THIS IS WATKINS IN THE LABORATORY..... WE'VE CHECKED THOSE FINGERPRINTS AND THE BULLET THAT KILLED O'TOOLE....





CAPTAIN...THE LABORATORY JUST CALLED  
AND SAID THEIR TESTS PROVE THOSE  
TWO DEAD HOODLUMS ARE WITHOUT  
A DOUBT THE ONES WHO MURDERED  
O'TOOLE! THAT SOLVES THAT ONE  
MURDER... BUT WHO  
KILLED THE OTHERS?



SOME FRIEND OF O'TOOLE'S? SAY,  
CHIEF, DOESN'T THIS PROVE YOUR  
THEORY THAT O'TOOLE WAS MIXED  
UP WITH A GANG OF CROOKS....  
EVEN THOUGH WE NEVER COULD  
GET THE  
GOODS ON  
HIM?



WITHOUT A DOUBT THESE  
ARE ALL GANGSTER KILLINGS  
AND O'TOOLE WAS THE TOP  
MAN. SOMEONE WILL  
TAKE HIS PLACE... AND  
WE'VE GOT TO FIND  
THAT MAN AND BREAK  
UP THE GANG!



GET THE MAN WHO  
STEPS INTO O'TOOLE'S  
SHOES.... AND WE'LL  
HAVE THE OTHER KILLER!

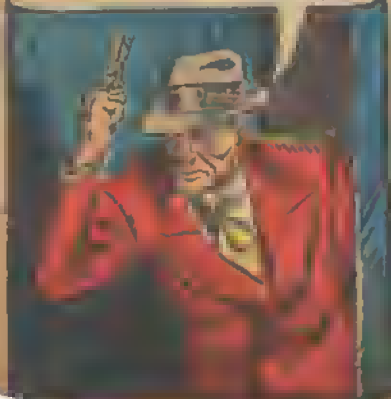


RED STULTZ AWAITS  
THE ARRIVAL OF THE GANG.

HERE THEY COME,  
TRIGGER!



IF ANY ONE OF 'EM OBJECTS  
TO YOU TAKIN' O'TOOLE'S  
PLACE.... I'LL DRILL HIM  
BEFORE HE CAN OPEN HIS  
MOUTH A SECOND TIME!



LISTEN.. YOU MUGS. RED STULTZ  
IS BOSS NOW... ANYBODY HERE  
THAT DON'T LIKE THAT IDEA?

RED'S O.K. WITH  
ME, TRIGGER!

ME TOO!



LOOK HERE . . . WITH THIS WAR GOING ON OVER IN EUROPE, WE AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO SMUGGLE MANY DIAMONDS IN . . .

BUT... WE'LL STILL GET 'EM! THERE'S A MILLION BUCKS IN SPARKLERS IN THE **MIDTOWN JEWELERS'** VAULTS . . . SO, TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO CRACK THAT PLACE OPEN AND WALK OFF WITH THE DIAMONDS!

10  
TWO SHARPEYES, IN A **RED MASK**, WATCH THE PLOTTERS!

FROM OUTSIDE THE ROOM, THE **MASKED MARVEL** PEERS UNDER THE SLIGHTLY RAISED WINDOW CURTAIN... AND **LISTENS!**

NOT FOR ME, RED! I AIN'T THAT CRAZY . . . THAT PLACE IS WIRED LIKE A CHICKEN COOP. . . . EVERY COP IN TOWN WOULD BE THERE AS SOON AS WE TOUCH THAT VAULT!

**WHY YOU!**

**BANG**

ANYONE ELSE HERE THAT DON'T WANT TO DO EXACTLY WHAT **RED SAYS?**

**WE'RE WITH YOU, TRIGGER!**

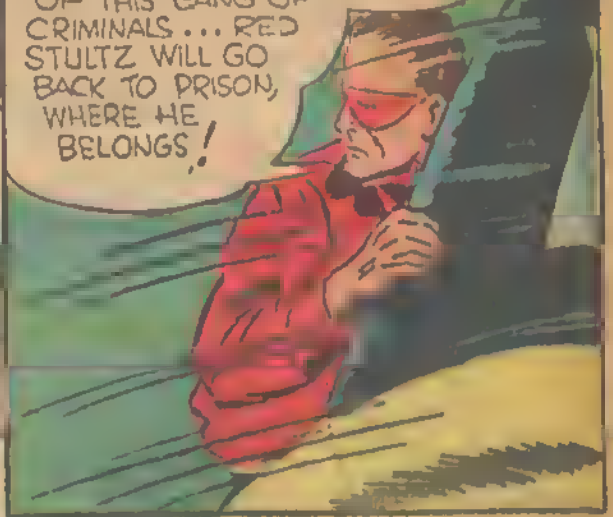


THAT NIGHT AS THE CROOKS SPEED AWAY,  
THEY UNKNOWINGLY CARRY AN EXTRA  
PASSENGER... THE MASKED MARVEL!

I'LL HAVE THEM  
CAUGHT BY THE  
POLICE... WHEN  
THEY ATTEMPT  
THE ROBBERY



TONIGHT WILL BE THE END  
OF THIS GANG OF  
CRIMINALS... RED  
STULTZ WILL GO  
BACK TO PRISON,  
WHERE HE  
BELONGS!



AS THEY NEAR THEIR OBJECTIVE,  
THE MASKED MARVEL LEAPS FROM  
THE CAR.....

SORRY, BOYS...  
I HAVE TO  
LEAVE YOU  
HERE

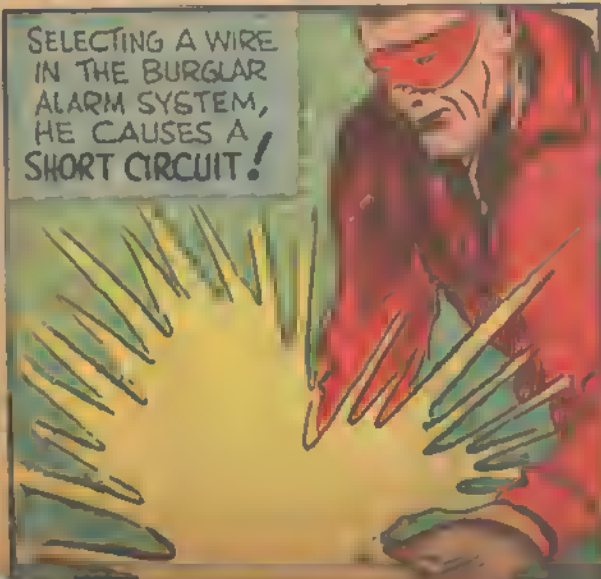


HE WATCHES FROM A NEARBY  
BUILDING.....

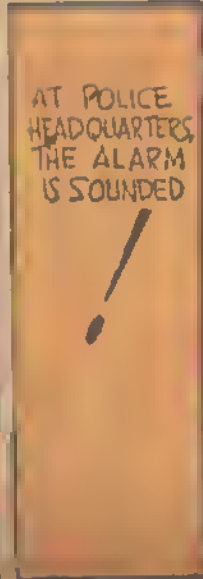


THEY'VE GOTTEN  
INSIDE! IN A  
FEW MINUTES  
THEY'LL BE  
READY TO  
BLOW OPEN  
THAT VAULT!

SELECTING A WIRE  
IN THE BURGLAR  
ALARM SYSTEM,  
HE CAUSES A  
SHORT CIRCUIT!



AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS  
THE ALARM  
IS SOUNDED



COME  
ON!  
THAT'S THE  
MIDTOWN  
JEWELRY  
COMPANY!



IN THE MEANTIME, RED AND HIS GANG BREAK INTO THE JEWELRY OFFICES.

HERE'S THE VAULT....  
LET'S CRACK IT  
AND SCRAM OUT  
OF HERE!

MIDTOWN  
JEWELRY  
INC.

THE CROOKS  
SUDDENLY  
HEAR THE  
SHRILL  
WHINE OF  
A POLICE  
SIREN

LISTEN... THAT'S  
A POLICE CAR....  
MAYBE THEY'RE  
COMING  
HERE!

LET'S  
GO!

IN THE HALLWAY, THEY  
ARE MET BY THE  
MASKED MARVEL!

THE POLICE ARE RIGHT  
BEHIND ME... THROW  
UP YOUR HANDS!

IT'S THE MASKED  
MARVEL! WE  
HAVE'NT GOT A  
CHANCE!

ALL SURRENDER, EXCEPT  
RED AND TRIGGER, WHO  
FLEE IN AN ATTEMPT  
TO ESCAPE FROM THE  
MASKED MARVEL...

LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR  
IT....

DASHING DOWN THE  
DARKENED HALL, THEY  
PLUNGE DOWN AN OPEN  
ELEVATOR SHAFT!

THAT'S THE END OF  
THOSE TWO... AND THEIR  
LAWLESSNESS!

READ ANOTHER  
OF THE

MASKED  
MARVEL'S  
ADVENTURES—  
★ HERE ★  
NEXT MONTH!



# SPARK O'LEARY

## RADIO NEWSHAWK



SPARK, PROFESSOR DORAN HAS AN INVENTION HE CLAIMS WILL MAKE ONE INVISIBLE...WILL YOU TAKE YOUR MICROPHONE OUT TO HIS DEMONSTRATION AND REPORT IT TO THE PUBLIC!

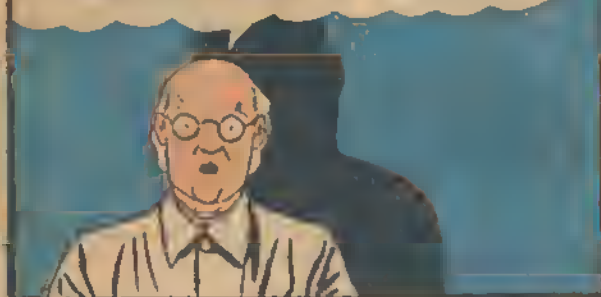


AT THE PROFESSOR'S DEMONSTRATION

MR. O'LEARY, THERE IS NOTHING FAKE ABOUT THIS! TELL EVERYTHING YOU SEE TO YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE!



GENTLEMEN, MY INVENTION IS A SUIT WHICH DOES NOT REFLECT LIGHT...AN ELECTRICAL DEVICE CARRIED IN THE POCKET BENDS OTHER LIGHT RAYS AROUND IT...HENCE IT IS INVISIBLE...



MY ASSISTANT WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE SUIT...



YOU SEE HE TURNS ON THE ELECTRICITY AND BECOMES INVISIBLE!



TWO FOREIGNERS IN THE AUDIENCE COMMENT ON THE SUIT

WILBUR, IF OUR GOVERNMENT HAD THAT SUIT THEY COULD TURN OUT AN INVISIBLE ARMY...LET'S STEAL IT AND GRAB THE INVENTOR TO SHOW US HOW IT WORKS!



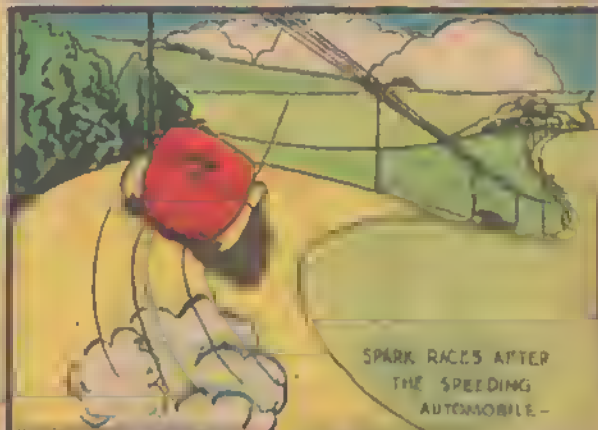
AS SPARK IS DRIVING HOME HE TURNS ON HIS RADIO  
FLASH! THE NOTED PROFESSOR DORAN HAS  
JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED!... MORE LATER...



SOMEONE IS AFTER THAT SUIT ALREADY... WELL,  
IT LOOKED GOOD TO ME...



THAT CAR WAS IN A HURRY... SAY! WASN'T THAT  
THE PROF IN THE BACK? I'D BETTER FOLLOW  
AND FIND OUT...



SPARK RACES AFTER  
THE SPEEDING  
AUTOMOBILE -

THIS SEEMS TO BE THEIR ROOSTING PLACE... NOW  
TO SEE IF THAT WAS THE PROFESSOR...



HAND FOLLOWS IT TO THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE  
HE PARKS HIS CAR A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY THEN  
APPROACHES CAUTELY ON FOOT...

SPARK ENTERS THE BUILDING AND FINDS THE  
PROFESSOR TIED TO A CHAIR



QUIET, PROF, WE'LL GO OUT TO MY CAR AND  
RADIO THE POLICE!

THE FOREIGNERS DISCOVER THE PROFESSOR'S ABSENCE  
HE'S GONE, WILBUR! WE'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE  
THE COPS COME!



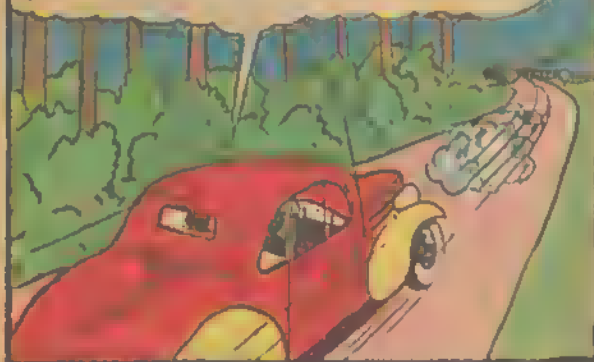
YOUR ESCAPE HAS FRIGHTENED THEM AWAY... WE'LL  
HAVE TO FOLLOW AND SEE WHERE THEY GO!



IN THEIR HASTE TO  
ESCAPE THE VILLAINOUS  
FOREIGNERS DO NOT SEE SPARK'S CAR -



THE ROAD IS STRAIGHT AFTER THAT TURN...WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CATCH THEM ON IT!



BUT WHEN SPARK MAKES THE TURN HE FINDS THE ROAD BLOCKED BY AN OLD FLOWER



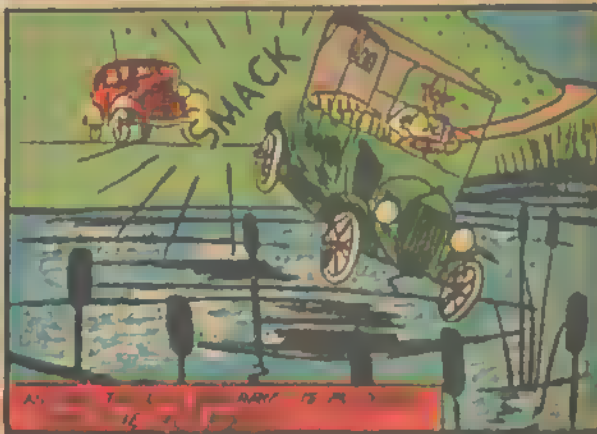
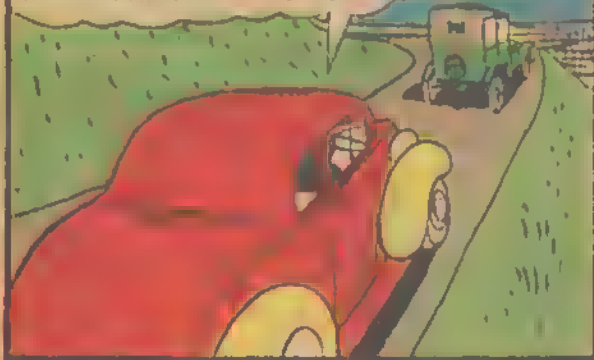
HERE NOW, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SPEEDING! FOLLOW ME TO THE COURTHOUSE WHERE YOU'LL GET SOME JUSTICE BEFORE YOU ARE FINED!



WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS BUZZARD SOMEHOW!



LOOK! THERE'S A BIG MUD PUDDLE...PUSH HIM INTO IT AND WE CAN GO ON



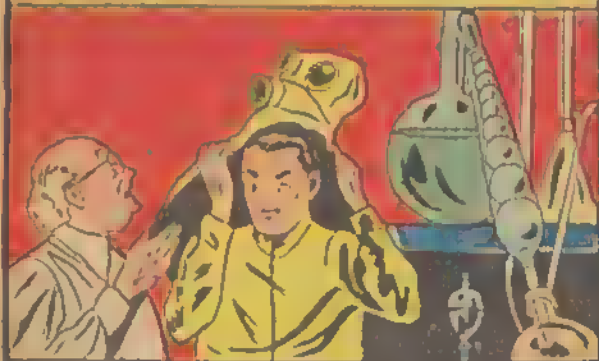
HERE! DURN YE! YUH CAINT DO THATAWAY TO ME! STOP!



I THINK THE THIEVES WILL RETURN TO MY LABORATORY FOR MY NOTEBOOK...IF WE GO BACK WE MAY CATCH THEM THERE!



AT THE LABORATORY SPARK PUTS ON A  
SPARE INVISIBLE SUIT AND WAITS



THE THIEVES RETURN AS PROF DORAN HOPED

LOOK WILBUR, I GOT THE  
NOTEBOOK ALREADY, I'M  
GLAD I'M INVISIBLE!

BEING INVISIBLE, TOO.  
I'LL GO BACK WITH  
THEM...



I HOPE NOONE SEES MY HANDS AND FEET  
STICKING OUT OF THIS SUIT!

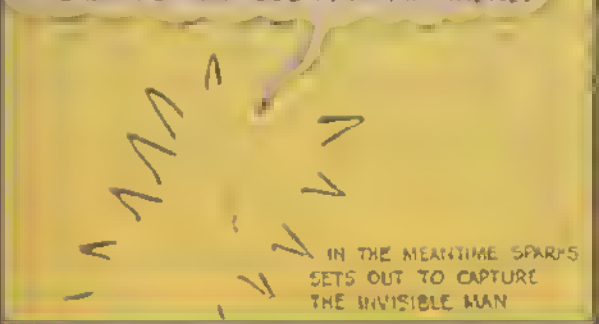


THE SCENT OF  
HANDS AND FEET  
HANGING ON A CAR!

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE FOREIGNERS  
THEY HAVE A WIRELESS... I'LL RADIO THE POLICE



THE POLICE ARRIVE AND ARREST THE VISIBLE THIEF  
INVISIBLE JAKE MUST BE AROUND! I'LL GO DOWN TO  
THE BALLROOM AND LOOK FOR HIM THERE!



IN THE MEANTIME SPARK'S  
SETS OUT TO CAPTURE  
THE INVISIBLE MAN

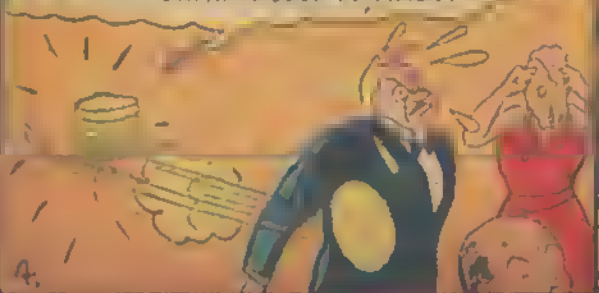
BUT MADAME, I DID  
NOT TOUCH YOU!

AH! HE MUST BE HERE  
IN THE LOBBY!



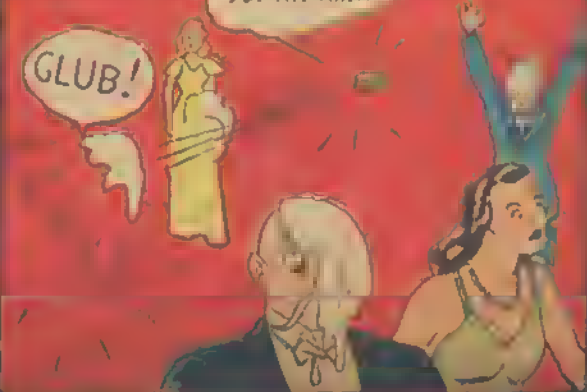
SPARK GOES TO THE KITCHEN AND TAKES A WHOLE  
STACK OF PIES

NOW IF I SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY HIT THE INVISIBLE  
MAN WITH A PIE... HE'LL BECOME VISIBLE!



I'VE HIT HIM!

GLUB!



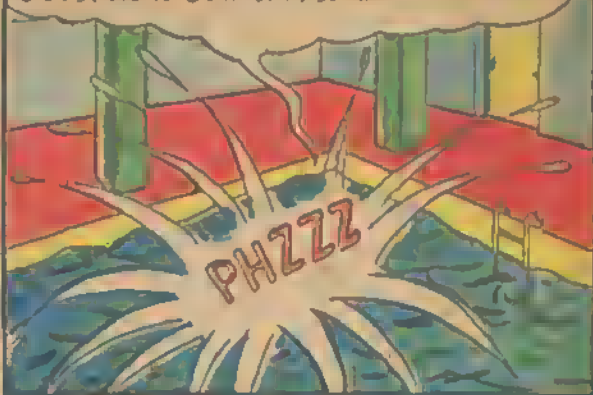


SPARK CUBES THE PIE SMEAR DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WHERE THE SWIMMING POOL IS LOCATED.

CAT, DIS PLACE AM HAUNTED!



OOPS! WE'VE BOTH SLIPPED INTO THE POOL!



THE WATER SHORT CIRCUITED OUR SUITS...

I SURRENDER...IF YOU LET ME GO I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE NOTEBOOK IS!



SPARK TAKES THE TWO SUITS AND THE NOTEBOOK AND RETURNS THEM TO THE INVENTOR



THANKS, SPARK, I'LL LOCK THESE IN THE LAB WHERE THEY'LL BE SAFE!

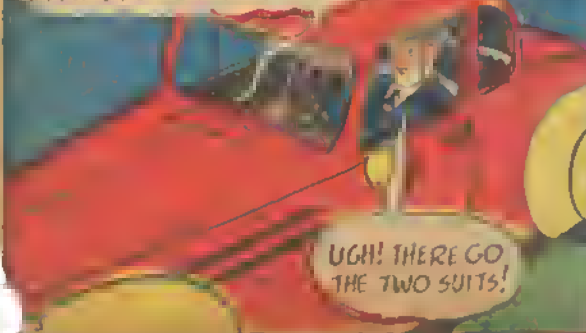
O.K. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE STUDIO NOW FOR MY EVENING BROADCAST!



I THINK I'LL LISTEN TO THE RADIO AWHILE!



A LATE BULLETIN STATES THAT THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR DORAN HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY FIRE...



DURING SPARK'S BROADCAST AT THE HOME OF ONE OF HIS LISTENERS

THE STUFF THAT O'LEARY TELLS!... HE MUST MAKE IT UP WHEN HE HAS NIGHTMARES!



# DEAN MASTERS DA

WELL, DEAN, YOU SURE WON THE ELECTION ON THAT PLATFORM FOR CLEANING UP BAY CITY

AND I'M TIRED. I THINK I'LL GET HOME FOR A LITTLE SHUT EYE.

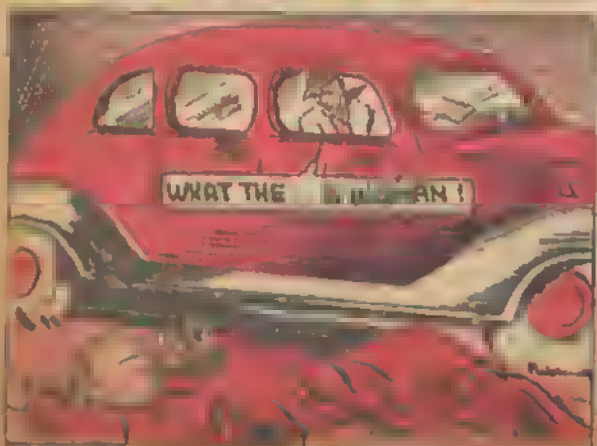
VOTE FOR MASTERS

CLARE'S MOB

WELL, BILLY, IT'S ALL OVER LET'S GO

GOSH, DEAN, IT'S ONLY TEN O'CLOCK. I WANT TO STAY DOWN TOWN FOR A WHILE -- I'LL COME HOME IN A TAXI

WISH I COULD BE SURE THAT BROTHER OF MINE WASN'T GETTING INTO TROUBLE, BILLY'S A NICE KID, BUT. ....



STILL ALIVE... MUST'VE BEEN A HIT AND RUN...





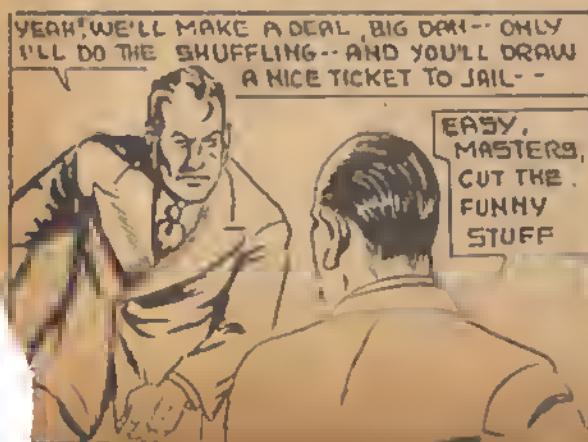
I'LL GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL



OKAY-- THE COAST IS CLEAR!



TAKE IT EASY, YOU-- AND YOU'LL BE OKAY



YEAH, WE'LL MAKE A DEAL, BIG DAW-- ONLY I'LL DO THE SHUFFLING-- AND YOU'LL DRAW A NICE TICKET TO JAIL--

EASY, MASTERS, CUT THE FUNNY STUFF



OUT OF THE SHADOWS... ATTACK!

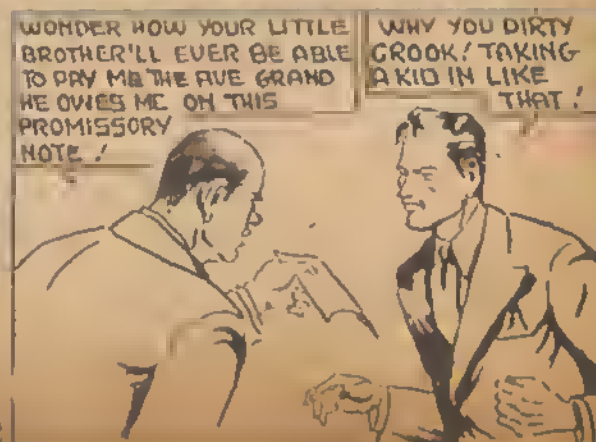
OW-W....

THAT'S ENOUGH, TONY. BIG DAW DOESN'T WANT A CORPSE -- NOT YET...



REAL NICE OF YOU TO CALL, MASTERS-- GOT A HUNCH YOU AND ME CAN MAKE A DEAL

DEAL?....  
A DEAL?



WONDER HOW YOUR LITTLE BROTHER'LL EVER BE ABLE TO PAY ME THE FIVE GRAND HE OWES ME ON THIS PROMISSORY NOTE!

WHY YOU DIRTY CROOK! TAKING A KID IN LIKE THAT!

YOU CAN'T DO IT, BIG DAN! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT...I'LL HAVE YOU UP FOR CROOKED GAMBLING AND BLACKMAIL!



YOU WIN, BIG DAN-- WE'LL MAKE A DEAL. THE COPS WILL KEEP AWAY.

GOOD SENSE, MASTERS. THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY. I'LL KEEP THIS NOTE... JUST IN CASE

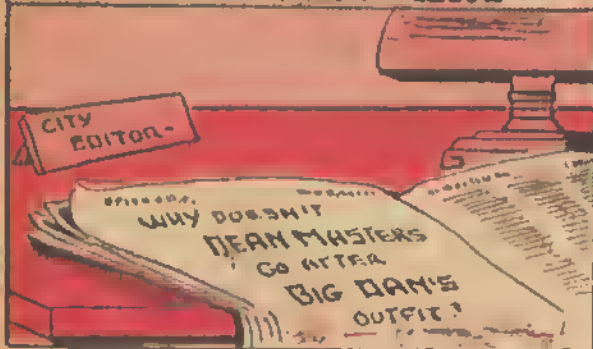


ALL RIGHT, BOYS....



HM-MM, I SEE...TRYING A LITTLE STRONG-ARM STUFF

THE NEWSPAPERS CHASTISE DEAN MASTERS FOR HIS FAILURE TO CLOSE BIG DAN'S PLACE AS PART OF HIS CAMPAIGN PLEDGE

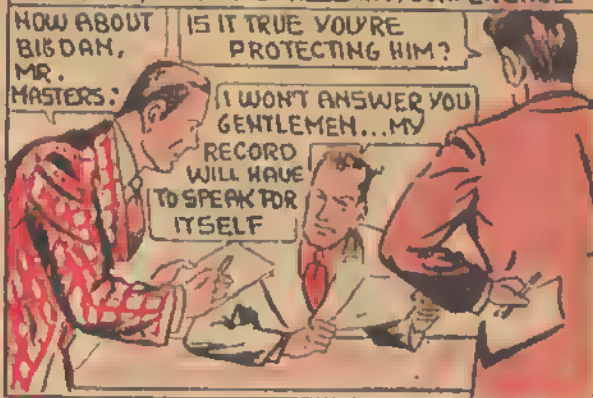


MASTERS MEETS THE PRESS IN A CONFERENCE

NOW ABOUT BIG DAN, MR. MASTERS:

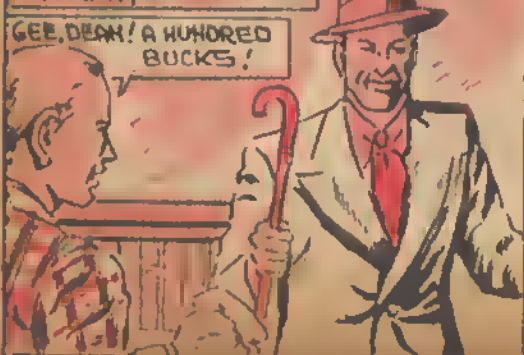
IS IT TRUE YOU'RE PROTECTING HIM?

I WON'T ANSWER YOU GENTLEMEN...MY RECORD WILL HAVE TO SPEAK FOR ITSELF



WELL, BILLY, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO SHOP... BUT HERE'S A BIRTHDAY PRESENT, ANYWAY.

GEE, DEAN! A HUNDRED BUCKS!



THE BOSS IS GETTING FLASHY! LOOK THE CAME!

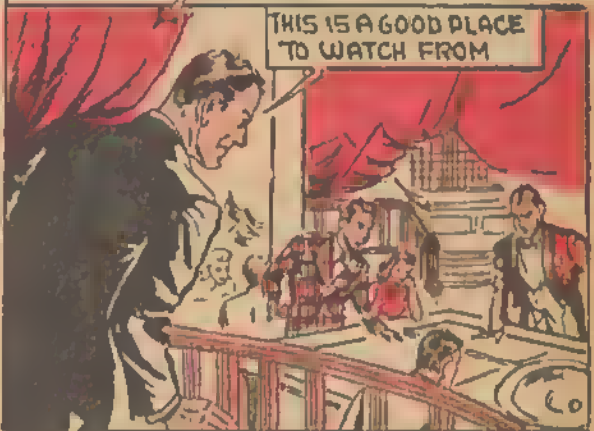
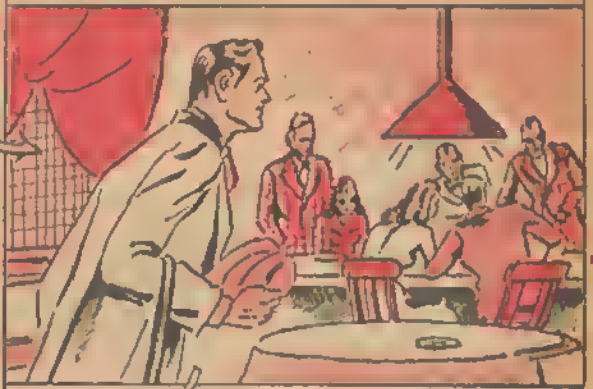






DEAN MASTERS SEES BILLY ENTERING BIG DAN'S PLACE.

MASTERS ENTERS BIG DAN'S GAMBLING HALL UNRECOGNIZED.



THE WHOLE WORKS ON NUMBER 15!

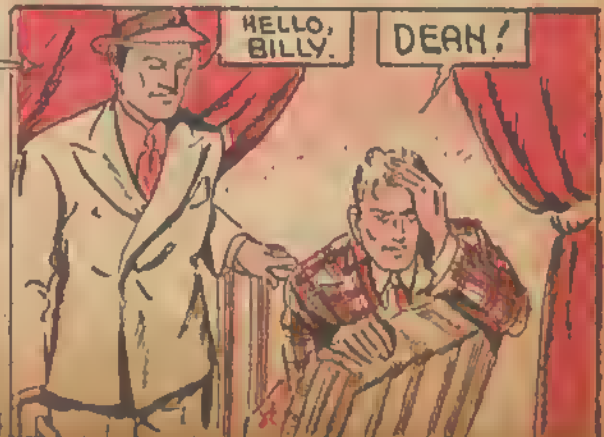


SUNK!



HELLO, BILLY.

DEAN!



WELL, LET'S TRY AGAIN, KID

HUH? YOU, DEAN...  
.. BUT... BUT  
YOU'RE THE D.A.!



HELLO, MASTERS, OUT FOR  
RECREATION? GLAD TO  
HAVE YOU CALL

HELLO, BIG DAN... YES,  
OUT FOR A LITTLE  
FUN...



WHILE DEAN MASTERS TALKS WITH BIG  
DAN, HIS CANE FINDS A WIRE BENEATH  
THE TABLE



THIRTEEN... I'LL  
TRY AGAIN



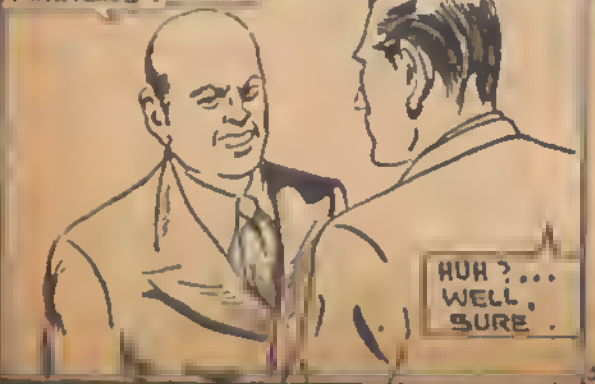
I WIN! PUT IT  
ALL ON 13  
AGAIN!



THAT'S ALL, DAN!  
THE BANK IS BROKE!



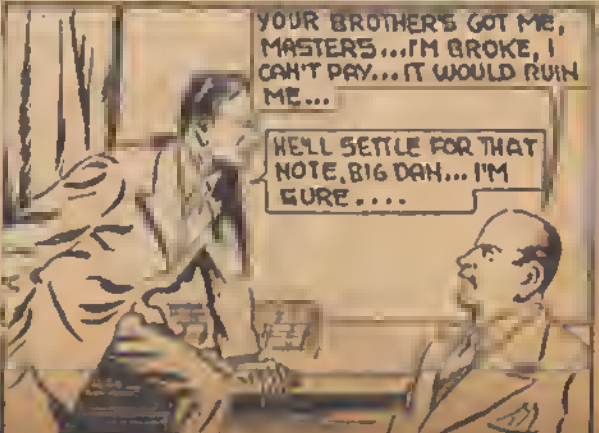
SEE YOU A MINUTE,  
MASTERS?



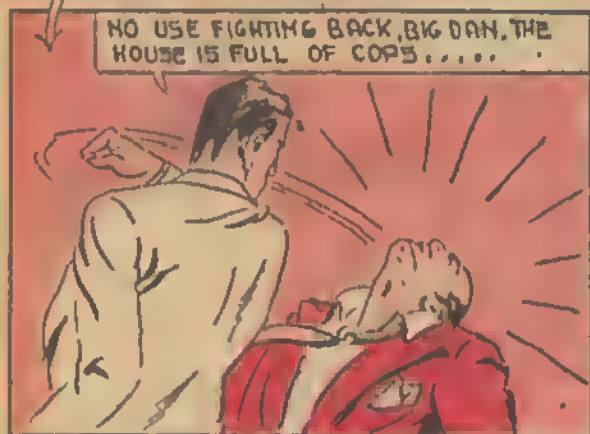
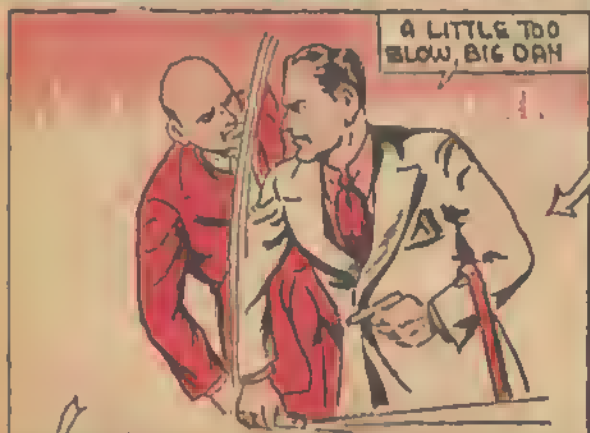
HUH?...  
WELL,  
SURE

YOUR BROTHER'S GOT ME,  
MASTERS... I'M BROKE, I  
CAN'T PAY... IT WOULD RUIN  
ME...

HELL SETTLE FOR THAT  
NOTE, BIG DAN... I'M  
SURE....







# HOW to be an Amateur G-MAN!

by  
FRED  
WOOD

3 LESSONS IN  
CRIMINAL CRIM  
THEY ARE  
AD TO  
HERO DEEDS  
THE P.B.I. IN  
THE ETERNAL  
WAR ON CRIME!

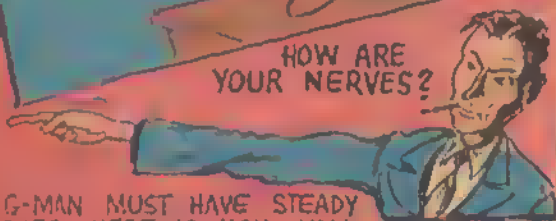


LESSON  
NO. SIX—



LOO R YOUR VICE  
O IT LIGHTLY  
-HANGED-  
IN N SPEAK  
I TO THE  
MOUTHPECE  
WHILE IT  
I CO  
WITH A  
HUCKE-  
" F!

HOW ARE  
YOUR NERVES?



A G-MAN MUST HAVE STEADY  
NERVES. HERE IS HOW YOU  
CAN TEST YOURS— JUST POINT AT A  
MARK ON A WALL AND SEE  
HOW LONG YOU CAN  
POINT WITHOUT CON-  
SIDERABLE WAVERING.  
YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO  
DO IT FOR 2-MINUTES.

QUESTION BOX—

● WHAT QUALIFICATIONS MUST  
A PERSON HAVE TO BECOME  
A G-MAN ??  
(ANSWER NEXT MONTH.)

G-MEN IN  
ACTION—

STEP ON IT!  
I'VE GOT A  
CASE TO  
SOLVE!



I'M  
FROM  
THE  
F.B.I.—  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON?

THIS FELLOW STOLE  
MY CHINCHILLA! THE  
ANIMAL COST ME OVER  
\$10,000. I KNOW HE  
STOLE IT BECAUSE  
HE'S COVERED WITH  
THE ANIMAL'S HAIR!

ACME  
FUR CO.

AW—I  
AIN'T DONE  
NUD'IN!



RELEASE HIM!—HE'S INNOCENT!  
THOSE AREN'T HAIRS ON HIS COAT—  
THEY'RE THREADS!—SEE HOW A  
SMALL BALL FORMS ON THE END  
OF A HAIR WHEN IT IS BURNED—  
THIS DOESN'T HAPPEN TO A  
THREAD!

TRY THIS  
TEST!





# How to be an amateur G-Man

**12,000**

AMERICANS ARE  
MURDERED EVERY  
YEAR!!!



MR. LADOL OF CHICAGO'S BUREAU OF G-MEN  
WARNS THAT 300,000 AMERICANS NOW LIV-  
ING WILL BE MURDERED—AND 200,000  
MAY COME KILLERS DURING THE NEXT  
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!!

HELLO? G-MEN HEADQUARTERS?  
SEND ONE OF YOUR RATS TO MY OFFICE  
— SOME GUY IS ACCUSING ME OF BE-  
ING A CROOK! I WANT'CHA TO  
HELP HIM PROVE IT!  
HAW-HAW!



HELLO GIRLS!  
WHUT'S EATING  
YOU?

THIS CHISLING LOAN-SHARK  
CLAIMS THAT I SIGNED THIS  
PROMISSORY NOTE! IT'S MY  
SIGNATURE— BUT HOW CAN I  
PROVE IT WAS FORGED?

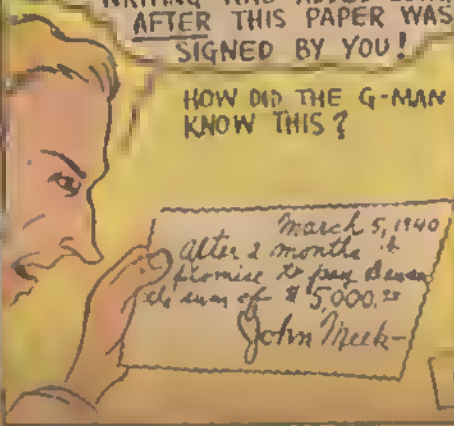


SIMPLE!— I'LL SKIP UP TO  
THE F.B.I. LABORATORY AND  
GIVE IT THE ACID-TEST!



NOPE! WE WON'T HAVE TO GO  
TO ALL THAT TROUBLE AFTER  
ALL!— I CAN TELL BY JUST LOOK-  
ING AT IT THAT THE SIGNATURE  
IS YOURS BUT THE REST OF THE  
WRITING WAS ADDED LONG  
AFTER THIS PAPER WAS  
SIGNED BY YOU!

HOW DID THE G-MAN  
KNOW THIS?



March 5, 1940  
after 2 months &  
promise to pay down  
the sum of \$5,000.00  
John Meek-

HERE'S HOW HE DIS-  
COVERED THE TRUTH!

NOTICE HOW THE WRITING IS  
WRITTEN OVER THE "J."  
IN THE SIGNATURE  
John Meek-  
\$5,000.00  
to pay down the  
sum of \$5,000.00  
March 5, 1940  
After 2 months & promise  
to pay down the  
sum of \$5,000.00  
BANK PECE OF PAPER  
WHICH WAS AUTOGRAPHED  
BY MEER— THE REST  
OF THE WORDS WERE ADDED

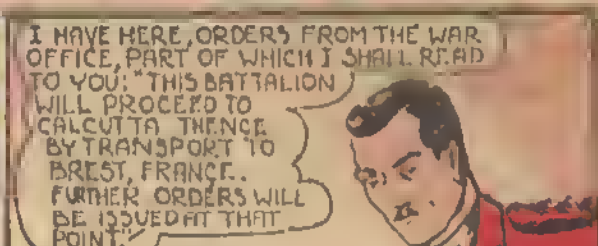
CRIME DOESN'T PAY!!

# CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT MACLEAN SPY HUNTERS



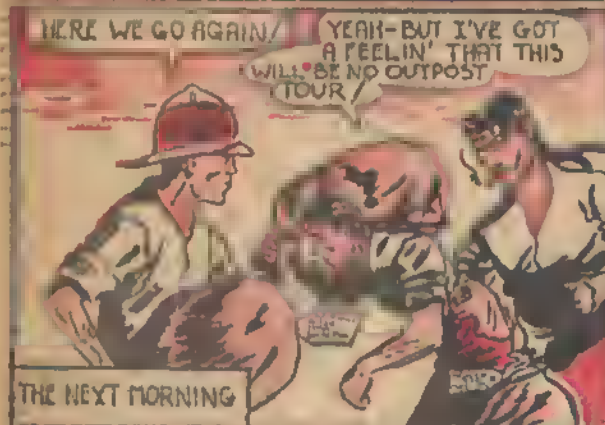
GENTLEMEN/  
MAY I HAVE YOUR  
ATTENTION!

ONE EVENING, AT THE OFFICER'S MESS OF  
COMPANY 'A' - IN BATTALION OF THE  
SEAFORTH... CAPT. FORSYTH SPEAKS ...



I HAVE HERE, ORDERS FROM THE WAR  
OFFICE, PART OF WHICH I SHALL READ  
TO YOU: "THIS BATTALION  
WILL PROCEED TO  
CALCUTTA THENCE  
BY TRANSPORT TO  
BREIST, FRANCE..  
FURTHER ORDERS WILL  
BE ISSUED AT THAT  
POINT."

GENTLEMEN--  
"THE EMPIRE IS"  
"AT WAR!"

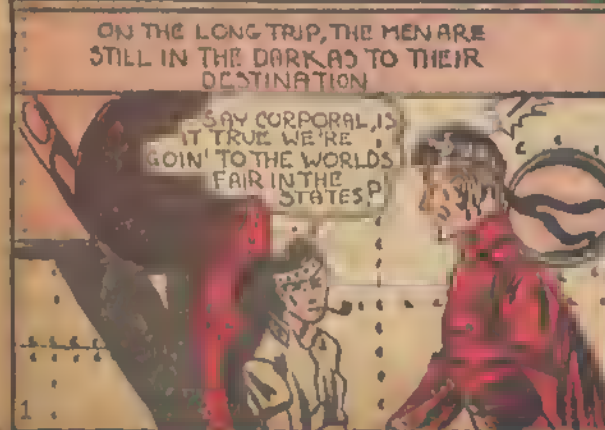


HERE WE GO AGAIN! YEAR-BUT I'VE GOT  
A FEELIN' THAT THIS  
WILL BE NO OUTPOST  
TOUR!

THE NEXT MORNING

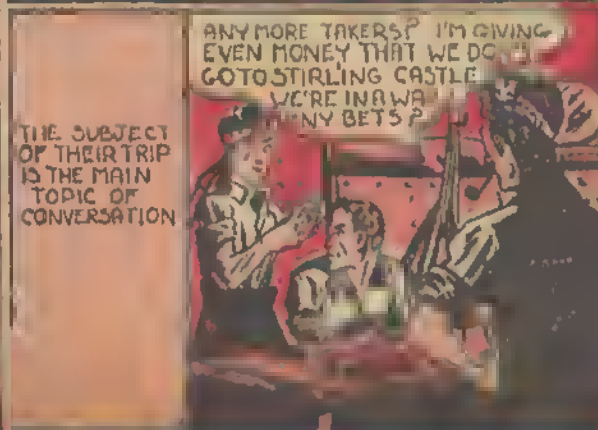


AFTER THE  
TRIP TO CAL-  
CUTTA, THE  
BATTALION  
BOARDS A  
TRANSPORT.



ON THE LONG TRIP, THE MEN ARE  
STILL IN THE DARK AS TO THEIR  
DESTINATION

SAY CORPORAL IS  
IT TRUE WE'RE  
GOIN' TO THE WORLDS  
FAIR IN THE  
STATES?



ANY MORE TAKERS? I'M GIVING  
EVEN MONEY THAT WE DON'T  
GOT TO STIRLING CASTLE  
WE'RE IN A WAR  
ANY BETS?

THE SUBJECT  
OF THEIR TRIP  
IS THE MAIN  
TOPIC OF  
CONVERSATION





CAPT. FORSYTH IS CALLED INTO THE COLONEL'S QUARTERS WHERE HE LEARNS THAT HE IS RELIEVED OF HIS COMPANY.

PERHAPS IF WE PUT IT UP TO HIM, THE CAPTAIN WOULD CARRY ON WITH THE STORY!

HOW ABOUT IT, SIR?

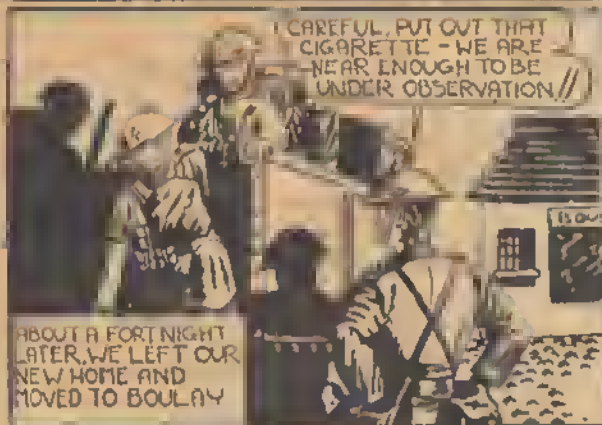
RIGHT-O! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE.



WELL, ABOUT TWO DAYS AWAY FROM BREST WE INFORMED THE MEN OF THE WAR AND OF OUR DESTINATION.... TWO DAYS LATER WE MADE PORT AND DISEMBARKED!

BY TRUCK WE WENT TO NORTHERN FRANCE TO WAIT FOR MORE MEN TO BRING UP OUR STRENGTH THERE THE MEN GOT THEIR FIRST TASTE OF MODERN WAR NO MORE KILTS!

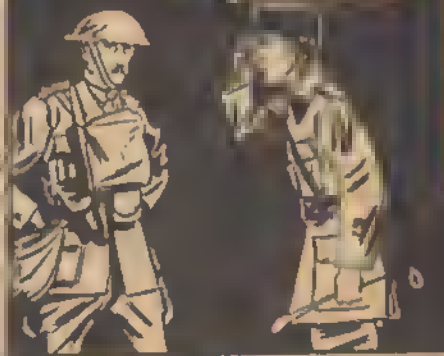
BREECHES!



ABOUT A FORT NIGHT LATER, WE LEFT OUR NEW HOME AND MOVED TO BOULAY

FROM BOULAY WE HEADED DUE EAST, AFTER A WHILE I WAS MET BY A FRENCH OFFICER, OUR GUIDE WHO WAS TO TAKE US TO OUR POSITION.

BON SOIR MON CAPITAINE!

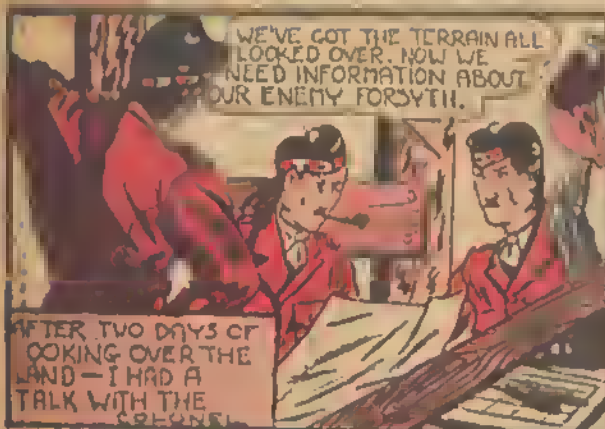


WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING INTO THE MAGINOT LINE - BUT WE HIKED ON PAST IT.

OUR TROOPS AVE PUSHED THE ENEMY BACK INTO HIS AREA. YOU ARE IN ENEMY COUNTRY NOW AND THIS WILL BE YOUR LINE.

EARLY ON THE FIRST DAY I WENT TO A RISE OF GROUND AND WITH LIEUTENANT WOLFF GOT A GOOD LOOK AT OUR FRONT AND TOOK SOME IMPORTANT DATA.





WE'VE GOT THE TERRAIN ALL LOOKED OVER. NOW WE NEED INFORMATION ABOUT OUR ENEMY FORSYTH.

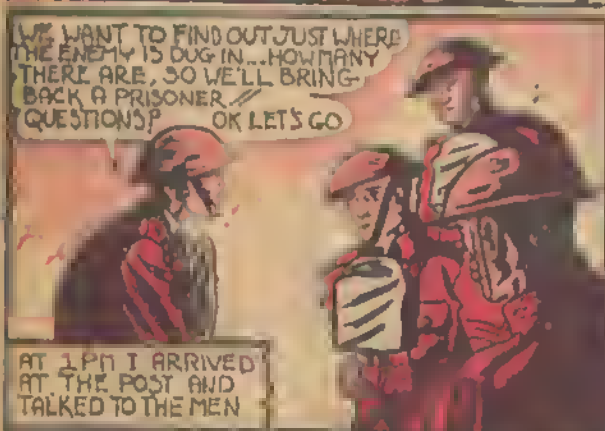
AFTER TWO DAYS OF LOOKING OVER THE LAND—I HAD A TALK WITH THE COLONEL.



THAT AFTERNOON I WENT TO ONE OF OUR OUTPOSTS.

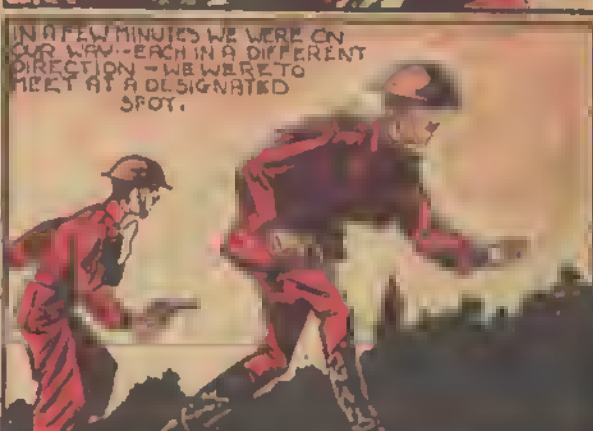
HELLO, ALE C—HAVE THREE GOOD MEN READY TO GO OUT ON PATROL WITH ME TONIGHT—ABOUT 2 A.M.

RIGHT-O, SIR! THREE AT ONE

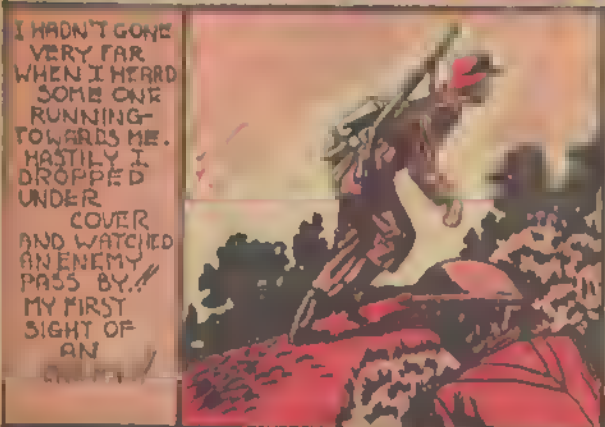


WE WANT TO FIND OUT JUST WHERE THE ENEMY IS DUG IN...HOW MANY THERE ARE, SO WE'LL BRING BACK A PRISONER. QUESTIONS? OK LET'S GO

AT 2 P.M. I ARRIVED AT THE POST AND TALKED TO THE MEN



IN A FEW MINUTES WE WERE ON OUR WAY—EACH IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION—WE WERE TO MEET AT A DESIGNATED SPOT.



I HADN'T GONE VERY FAR WHEN I HEARD SOME ONE RUNNING TOWARDS ME. HASTILY I DROPPED UNDER

COVER AND WATCHED AN ENEMY PASS BY. MY FIRST SIGHT OF AN



I'VE MADE A MAP FOR YOU—FROM IN FRONT OF OUR COMBAT POSTS WE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE ENEMY WAS—HENCE SPREADING OUT. IF WE HAD TIME WE WOULD GO AND

SALZWEDL



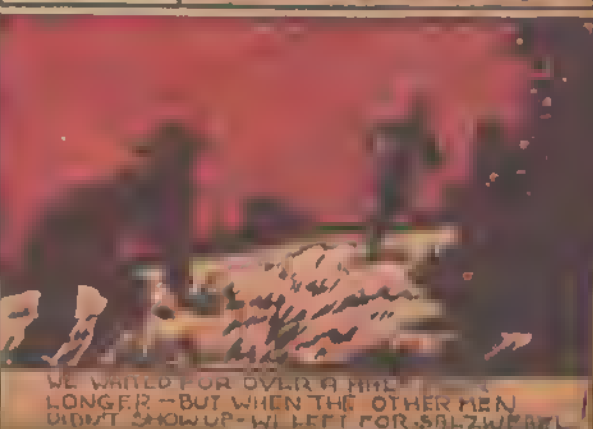
COMBAT POST



ARE THE OTHERS HERE? THEY SHOULD BE!

AFTER CRAWLING FOR AN HOUR—I WENT TO THE ARRANGED SPOT

NO SIR, NOT YET!



WE WAITED FOR OVER AN HOUR LONGER—BUT WHEN THE OTHER MEN DIDN'T SHOW UP—WE LEFT FOR SALZWEDL





WE TOOK A LOOK AT  
SALZWEBEL - (NOT TOO NEAR)

AFTER GETTING  
OUR LOOK SEE  
OF SALZWEBEL,  
WE STARTED  
FOR HOME.  
WE WANTED A  
PRISONER - SO  
WHEN WE GOT  
AWAY FROM  
THE VILLAGE,  
WE DID A  
LITTLE PLAN-  
NING

WE'LL HAVE TO WANDER  
AROUND AND WHEN WE  
FIND ONE OF THEM ALONE  
JUMP HIM - BUT DON'T LET  
HIM YELL. OK?

RIGHT-O, SIR  
WE'LL BE QUIET 'N!



WE WENT BACK TO WHERE THE LONE ENEMY  
PASSED ME - AND SURE ENOUGH, ALONG CAME  
A GUY AS BIG AS LIFE!

AS HE CAME BY OUR HIDING PLACE  
WE BROUGHT HIM DOWN WITH A  
RUGBY TACKLE!



HE PUT UP  
QUITE A SCRAP  
AND WE  
FOUGHT ALL  
OVER THE  
PLACE AND  
IT WAS NOT  
UNTIL I  
DREW MY  
REVOLVER,  
THAT HE  
GAVE IN.



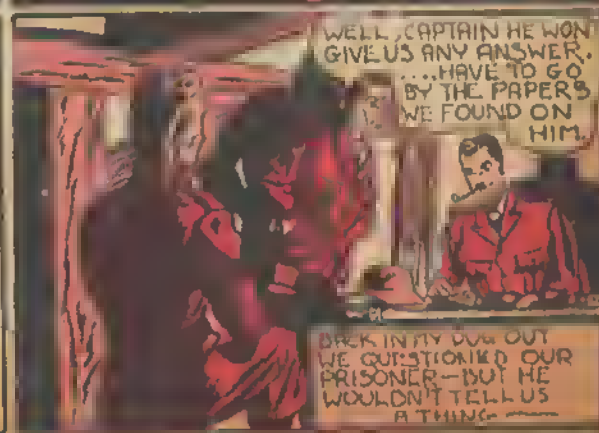
PATROL COMING IN  
WITH PRISONER.

... ADVANCE!



WE HEADED FOR  
OUR LINES AND I  
BREADED A LOT EASIER  
WHEN A SENTRY STOPPED US.

WELL, CAPTAIN HE WON  
GIVE US ANY ANSWER.  
... HAVE TO GO  
BY THE PAPER'S  
WE FOUND ON  
HIM.



BACK IN MY DUG OUT  
WE QUESTIONED OUR  
PRISONER - BUT HE  
WOULDN'T TELL US  
A THING

SENDING  
BACK OUR  
PRISONER.  
I WENT TO  
THE COLONEL  
THEN TRIED  
TO GET HIM  
TO 'OK' A  
PLAN THAT  
I HAD.



...IF TWO OF US COULD GET INTO  
SALZWIBEL—THIRTY MEN CAN.  
WE COULD GET VERY  
IMPORTANT INFOR-  
MATION FOR YOU.



I DREW UP  
A SKETCH  
OF THE PLAN.  
LIKING IT, THE  
'OLD MAN'  
GAVE HIS  
CONSENT,  
BUT UNDER  
THE CONDI-  
TION THAT  
I TAKE THE  
MEN BEHIND  
THE LINES  
AND PRACTICE.



ONE DARK  
NIGHT, THE  
MEN SLIPPED  
INTO THE  
BLACK TOWNSHIP  
— SALZWIBEL.



TWO HOURS... WE'RE MOVING  
IN, LIEUTENANT— GET YOUR  
MEN SET.

WE GOT INTO POSITION  
OUTSIDE OF SALZWIBEL.

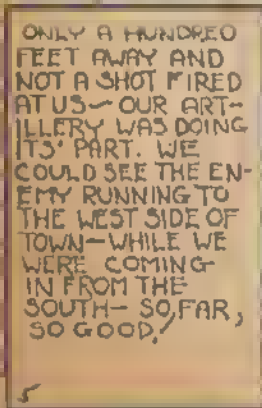


AT THE COMMAND, OUR DE-  
TACHMENT OF ABOUT 30 MEN  
MOVED SILENTLY FORWARD



ALL RIGHT, MATEY...  
JUST REST EASY.

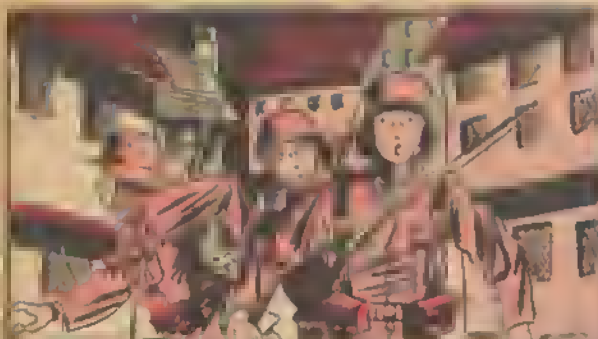
RIGHT AWAY WE  
PICKED UP A LONE  
ENEMY—



ONLY A HUNDRED  
FEET AWAY AND  
NOT A SHOT FIRED  
AT US— OUR ART-  
ILLERY WAS DOING  
ITS PART. WE  
COULD SEE THE EN-  
EMY RUNNING TO  
THE WEST SIDE OF  
TOWN— WHILE WE  
WERE COMING  
IN FROM THE  
SOUTH— SO FAR,  
SO GOOD.







WE GOT INTO THE CENTER OF TOWN — ROUNDING A CORNER, WE RAN SMACK INTO A DETAIL — SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THEM!



SUDDENLY AN OFFICER CAME OUT OF A DOORWAY! I HAD TO FIRE IN DEFENSE!



WE GATHERED UP OUR PRISONERS — FIRED OUR LIGHT — AND SET OFF WITH A HOPE AND PRAYER . . .



AS WE HIT OUR LINES, THE BOYS WERE COVERING OUR RETREAT IN GOOD ORDER. WE STILL HAD OUR PRISONERS — BUT I'M SORRY TO SAY WE LOST FIVE MEN!

THEY RECOVERED QUICKLY, COMING AT US WITH A WILD FURY —

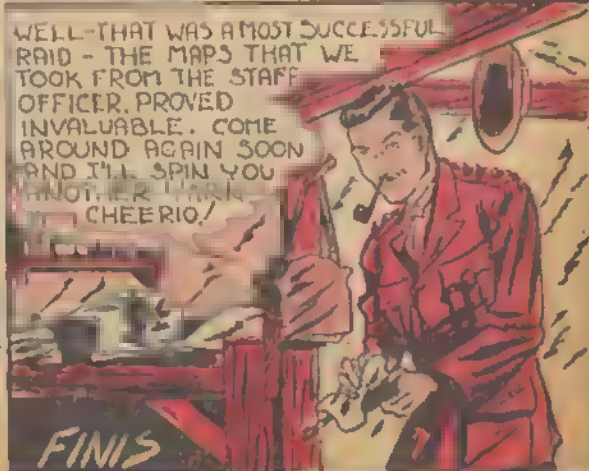
THERE WERE THIRTY OF US AGAINST THE FOUR OF THEM, SO WE DISPATCHED WITH THEM EASILY.

AT THAT MOMENT I WISHED THAT I HAD A WHOLE COMPANY WITH ME. WE COULD HAVE TAKEN THE TOWN!



STEADY GENTLEMEN STEADY — JUST LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS . . . THEN COME OUTSIDE!

I WENT INTO THE HOUSE — TO A BACK PARLOR — AND STUMBLED ON A STAFF OFFICER WITH A SUBALTERN. WHAT A CATCH!



WELL — THAT WAS A MOST SUCCESSFUL RAID — THE MAPS THAT WE TOOK FROM THE STAFF OFFICER, PROVED INVALUABLE. COME AROUND AGAIN SOON AND I'LL SPIN YOU ANOTHER TALK — CHEERIO!

FINIS

# THE LAST ACT

A Short, Short Story

By Sam Gilman



## "Piercing Knife— Piercing Laugh—Curtain!"

**T**HERE'S nothing quite so dead as a theatre, during rehearsal. Empty seats, bare stage, no lights; a gloomy picture indeed. One big, thousand-watt, work light hung in the centre of the stage, throwing off its eerie light and forming huge, distorted shadows on the bare walls of the backstage. Tired musicians were seated in the orchestra pit, the small lights from their music stands shining up into their faces and distorting them into weird-looking masks. The conductor entered, mounted his podium, lifted his baton and the overture was begun.

This was Wednesday morning. It was on Wednesdays that the new vaudeville bill came in to rehearse. The policy of the Follies theatre

was a new vaudeville show every two weeks. The new show opened every Thursday. And so it was on Wednesdays, that the acts came in to go through their routines with the orchestra.

It was a strange sight, watching these strange people going through their antics. Off in one corner, one actor would be tossing up four or five balls, practicing his juggling. In another part of the backstage, you could catch a glimpse of a couple of acrobats, going through their routine. All around, people were seriously engaged in working out their acts, ironing out little flaws and trying to perfect their art.

One man sat alone in the audience. Dark brown eyes, which seemed to mirror all the tragedy of the world, were set close to each other, alongside of a long thin nose. Topping



the large, sad eyes, were two thinly lined eyebrows, arched in such fashion, so as to give a perpetually, quizzical expression to his sombre countenance. His mouth, too, was a contradiction. The corners of his small mouth took a sharp turn upwards, but they looked so terribly, terribly sad. He sat apart from the others and watched the proceedings with a melancholy, far away look in his eyes—Lester, the world's greatest jester!

**T**HE overture was over and the first act took the stage. A few hurried conferences with the conductor, and the second act took the stage. And thus, in this manner, each act in turn, took the stage; rehearsed the music cues with the conductor, and then went out into the audience to watch the rest of the show.

Sixth on the program was Lester, world-famous clown. He took centre stage, a lone, thin figure. He seemed dwarfed by the immensity of the theatre. He seemed far from funny, as he went through his routine with a strained, intense expression on his face. He made a graceful exit after his last comic, acrobatic dance. The music kept right on playing the refrain and, to all appearances, he was to re-enter. Suddenly, without a warning, a loud laugh came from the box, overlooking the left side of the stage,—Lester, the jester. No one ever knew what to expect next from him. There he was, seated up in the box, singing his last song, which finished his act.

The next act was the seventh and last, Tambini, world's greatest knife thrower. Tambini was assisted by his wife, the beautiful Karrina. A large backboard was placed on the right side of the stage, against which, the beautiful Karrina stood, in her skin-tight costume. On the opposite side of the stage, stood Tambini. In front of him, was the table, on which were lined up the many knives, which he used in the act. The conductor rapped his baton. The musicians raised their instruments. Then came the weird, foreboding music in a minor key. The audience watched the scene, tensely. Tambini picked up a knife, took careful aim and let it fly. The audience gasped as it found its mark, a fraction of an inch away from the beautiful Karrina's face. She didn't bat an eyelash. And so went the act, with Tambini throwing knife after knife, with ever increasing tempo. The music reached a feverish pitch, as Tambini, the movement of his arms scarcely visible, now hurled the knives in rapid succession. Then came the triumphant flourish of trumpets. Tambini bowed and extended his hand to his wife. The beautiful Karrina stepped forward. There on the board in back of her was the outline of her beautiful

body, traced by a line of knives.

Lester sat in the box, throughout this act with a tense, drawn expression on his face. How he loved the beautiful Karrina. The lovely Karrina, who only laughed at him and teased him as though he were but a toy, a plaything for her amusement. How he suffered untold mental agonies each time they rehearsed their act. One bad throw and her life would be no more. It was unbearable. He could not stand the suspense much longer. She was sure to be killed by her husband's knife—but WHEN?

**T**HE following night, the show opened. That cold, Thursday night made theatrical history. The house was full. The crowd was a gay one and Lester's act never went better. Never, was he funnier. And never did the audience laugh so much. And when he finally appeared in the box, over the stage, for his final song, they just roared. That night, he did not leave the box, after his act, but waited there for the knife-throwing act.

The curtains parted, and there was the lovely Karrina, posed beautifully against the wooden backboard. The music picked up its exciting theme and Tambini began hurling his knives, with unerring eye. The music gradually picked up tempo. The knives started to fly faster. Both music and knives were now at a feverish pitch. Suddenly a piercing scream was heard! The music stopped suddenly! The knives ceased flying! There, on the right side of the stage, supported by the outline of knives, stood the limp, still figure of the beautiful Karrina, a knife, buried deep in her bosom.

There was utter, deafening silence in the theatre. Not a soul stirred! Suddenly, a loud laugh came from the box, overlooking the left side of the stage. A long, loud, tragic laugh. There stood Lester, the world's greatest jester. Something was in his right hand—a knife. The audience was breathless, as he stood poised there, knife in hand and laughing away, with that sad tearful laugh. One word did he utter, before he plunged the knife into his breast.

"Karrina!"



# DAN DENNIS

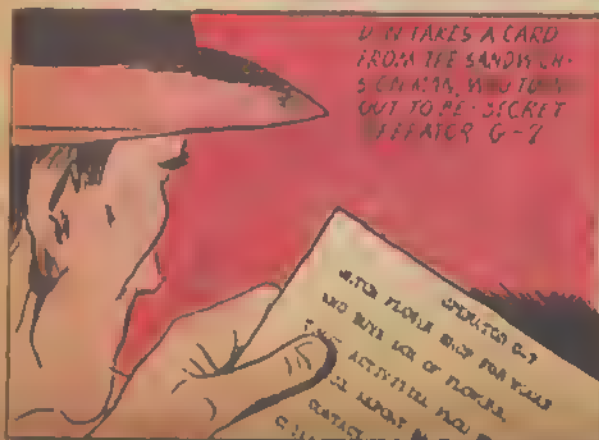
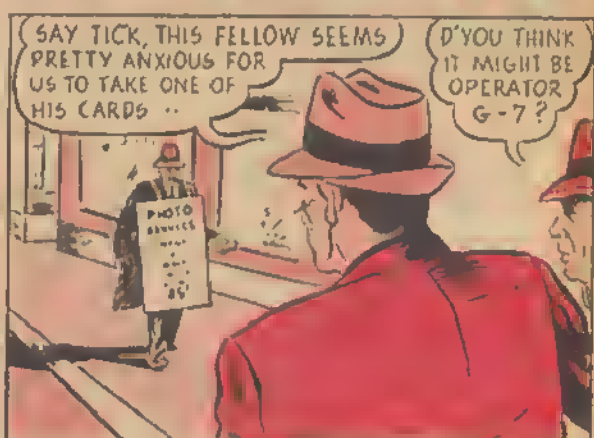
F · B · I

... *espionage*

WITH THE OUTBREAK OF THE NEW EUROPEAN WAR, INTERNATIONAL SPY ACTIVITY SWINGS INTO FAST ACTION! ALREADY, THE UNITED STATES ARE FLOODED WITH SPIES! THESE AGENTS HAVE ESTABLISHED A SEEMINGLY, FOOL-PROOF SYSTEM OF TRANSMITTING INFORMATION TO THEIR RESPECTIVE GOVERNMENTS . . . . .

MOST GLAMOROUS AND DARING OF THESE BANDS IS THE "SCARLET SPY RING!" DAN DENNIS AND HIS SIDE-KICK, TICK, RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM F·B·I HEADQUARTERS . . . . .

*by Sam Gilman*





A FASCINATING YOUNG WOMAN STOPS IN FRONT OF THE FLOWER SHOP AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE ... A CASUAL GLANCE TO THE RIGHT AND THEN TO THE LEFT ... NONCHALANTLY SHE TURNS AND ENTERS ...



IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS... TO BE DELIVERED TO PROFESSOR ZWERDLING WITHOUT FAIL! ARE YOU BEING FOLLOWED BY ANYONE?

YES!...TURN SLOWLY TO THE WINDOW—SEE THE TWO GENTLEMEN?..



I WATCHED THEIR REFLECTION IN YOUR WINDOW... THE FOOLS ARE SHADOWING ME! HAH! I SHALL GIVE THEM A MERRY CHASE!

HMM... YES, I SEE THEM... THE GENTLEMEN, OBVIOUSLY. HAVE FLAT FEET... G-MEN I PRESUME...



YES, POLLY, YOU RETURN TO THE FLAT... I'LL HAVE THE FLOWERS DELIVERED TO YOU BY OUR MESSENGER...

THE "G" MEN SHALL FIND IT. NOT SO SIMPLE TO KEEP TRACK OF POLLY SUTTON!



THAT'S HER, ALL RIGHT, DAN... SHE FITS THE DESCRIPTION TO THE LETTER! BUT WHERE'S HER BOX OF FLOWERS?

EVIDENTLY, THEY SUSPECT SHE'S BEING FOLLOWED! THEY'LL PROBABLY TRY SOME OTHER MEANS OF TRANSPORTING THE FLOWERS! DON'T LET HER OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!... I'LL WAIT HERE...



LEAD ON MY FINE YOUNG FELLOW~ LEAD ON, AND I SHALL FOLLOW!



AFTER FOLLOWING THE BOY  
THRU THE CITY STREETS, THE  
CHASE COMES TO A HALT, AS  
THE MESSENGER TURNS IN ON  
SAINT JAMES PLACE AND  
APPROACHES A BROWNSTONE HOUSE



NUMBER SEVEN, SAINT JAMES  
PLACE, EH?... HMM — I  
SHALL HAVE TO WAIT  
AND SEE WHO COMES OUT  
OF THERE!... AND IF  
MY HUNCH IS RIGHT —  
UH-UH!



WELL, I'LL BE! — THERE  
GOES THE GAL, TICK'S  
BEEN SHADOWING...  
WONDER WHETHER SHE  
GAVE HIM THE SLIP?...  
AND SAY... IT LOOKS  
LIKE SHE'S HEADING FOR  
NUMBER SEVEN, TOO!



HELLO, DAN... KINDA LOOKS  
LIKE OUR SUSPECTS TOOK  
ROUNDAABOUT ROUTES  
TO THE SAME  
DESTINATION!



WELL, THERE'S ONLY  
ONE THING WE CAN  
DO, NOW... WAIT  
FOR HER TO COME OUT,  
AND THEN FOLLOW  
HER AGAIN!



YEP... MORE THAN  
LIKELY, SHE HAS  
THE MESSAGE IN HER  
POSSESSION, NOW—  
AND WILL TRY TO  
RELAY IT TO  
THE HIGHER-UPS!

THREE HOURS OF  
WAITING, AND WHAT  
DO WE SEE COME  
OUT OF THE HOUSE?...  
AN OLD WOMAN!!

WAIT A MINUTE, TICK! —  
SEE THAT BASKET SHE'S  
CARRYING!... IT'S  
GOT FLOWERS IN IT!...  
AND LOOK... TAKE A  
SQUINT AT THE CLOTH  
THAT'S COVERING  
THE BASKET!...

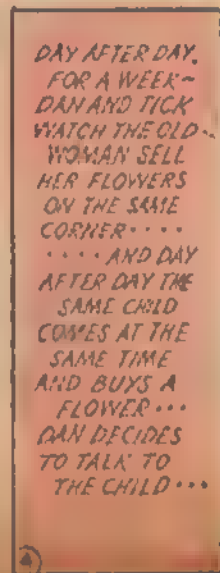
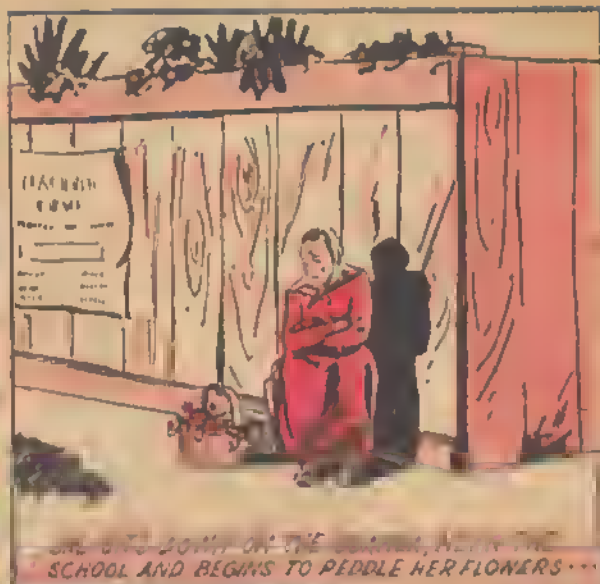


WAITING, DAN AND TICK  
ARE DISAPPOINTED AS  
AN OLD WOMAN COMES  
OUT OF THE HOUSE AND  
WALKS SLOWLY AWAY...



DAN'S KEEN EYES NOTICE  
THAT THE CLOTH, WHICH COVERS  
THE BASKET IS REALLY THE  
KERCHIEF, WORN BY THE  
SUSPECT... THEY DECIDE  
TO FOLLOW HER.....





DAN APPROACHES THE CHILD, WHO HAS JUST PURCHASED ANOTHER FLOWER... TICK REMAINS BEHIND TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE OLD WOMAN...



MY - WHAT A PRETTY FLOWER!! - HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY FOR IT, LITTLE GIRL?

ONLY FIVE CENTS, MISTER



HERE'S TEN CENTS FOR YOUR FLOWER... YOU CAN BUY ANOTHER ONE, AND THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET YOURSELF AN ICE-CREAM CONE WITH THE CHANGE...

GOODY!



ER, ONE MOMENT, LITTLE GIRL... I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU - TELL ME, WHO HAVE YOU BEEN BUYING FLOWERS FOR?

MY HISTORY TEACHER, MISTER PARGOT...



CURSES! - I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!

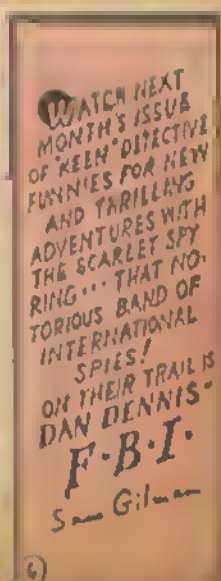
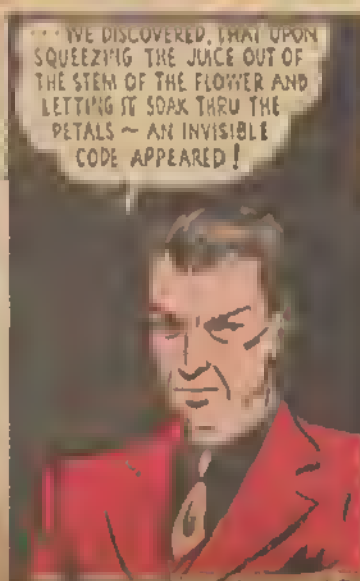
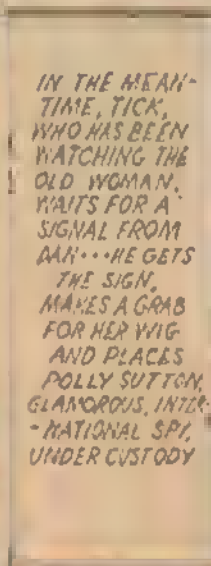


WHY, THERE GOES MISTER PARGOT NOW!!

GOOD FOR YOU, MY CHILD - WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET AN "A" IN HISTORY!!







# CLEVER-CLUES

BY T. ERSON

## A STICK-UP'S STORY-



A HOLD-UP HAD OCCURED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ZOO PARK TEN MINUTES AGO. OFFICER PICKS UP A SUSPECT STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GIRAFFE CAGE, BUT HE GIVES AN ALIBI. HE YELPS THAT HE COULD NOT HAVE COMITT ED THE ROBBERY FOR HE HAD BEEN STANDING THERE LISTENING TO THE GIRAFFES NEIGH- ING FOR OVER AN HOUR. A SMALL BOY WHO HAD APPROACHED KNEW THAT HIS STORY WAS UNTRUE. WHAT WAS WRONG?

### SOLUTIONS

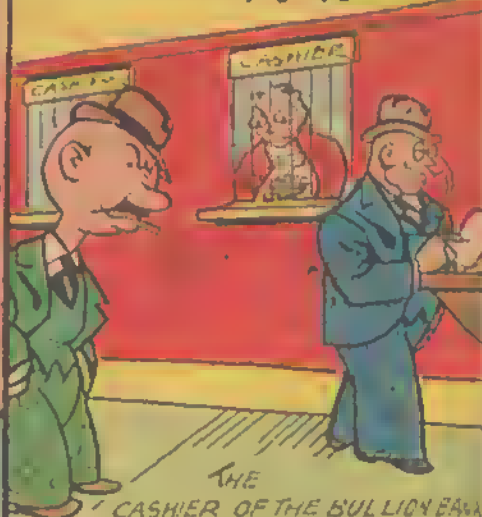
THE GIRAFFE DOES NOT NEIGH — THE GIRAFFE'S LARYNX IS SO LITTLE DEVELOPED THAT IT CAN UTTER NO SOUND AT ALL —



THREE BOYS SHOVELLED THE SNOW FROM MISS BOUNTIFUL'S SIDEWALK. SHE HAD A NICE HOT MINCE PIE TO GIVE THEM. HOLDING THE KNIFE SHE SAID, "BOYS I'M

SOLUTION - "IT'S MENTAL ARITHMATIC," SAILED WILLIE SHARP, "DIVIDE IT EQUALLY BY THREE."

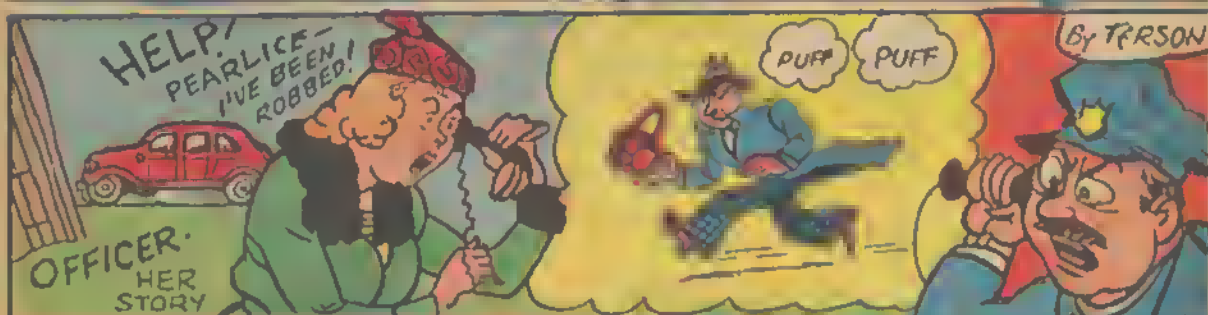
## FORGERY-



THE CASHIER OF THE BULLION BANK NOTICED A MAN STANDING IN THE LOBBY WHEN MR. J. FORJIE VANDERCOIN WAS WRITING A CHECK. THE NEXT DAY THE SIGNATURE OF VANDERCOIN WAS FORGED. THE DETECTIVES TRAILED HIM AND HE CONFESSED. HOW DID THE FORGER OBTAIN A COPY OF VANDERCOIN'S SIGNATURE.

SOLUTION - THE SUSPECT ADMITTED THAT HE HAD PICKED UP THE BLOTTER USED BY VANDERCOIN AND WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR COPIED THE "SIG."

# Clue-chues!



THE CHAUFFEUR HAD A DAY OFF SO MRS. DUPONGILT DROVE TO THE BANK. SHE HAD BEEN TO A PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND HAD HER JEWELS, VALUED AT \$25,000, IN HER HANDBAG, INTENDING TO DEPOSIT THEM IN THE VAULT BOX. PARKING HER CAR, SHE LOCKED THE DOOR. AS SHE STARTED TOWARD THE BANK A YOUNG MAN RUSHED UP AND GRABBED HER HANDBAG. THEN SHE TOLD THE POLICE, "I WAS SO UPSET, THAT

I GOT IN MY CAR AND DROVE HOME!" WHEN ASKED TO WRITE DOWN WHAT HER BAG CONTAINED HER LIST WAS - THE JEWELS - ONE HANDKERCHIEF - TEN ONE DOLLAR BILLS - ONE LETTER - AND KEYS TO MY CAR. THE OFFICER POLITELY TOLD HER THAT SHE HAD FAKED THE ROBBERY TO COLLECT INSURANCE ON THE GEMS. WHAT MADE HIM SUSPECT HER SCHEME? SOLUTION - SHE SAID THAT AFTER SHE LOCKED HER CAR, HER BAG WITH KEYS WERE STOLEN, YET SHE DROVE HOME.



COL. KORN THE OWNER OF THE THROUGHBRED "LIGHTNING" IS FOUND DEAD IN THE STABLE. AN OFFICER IS CALLED, AND EXAMINATION SHDWS A BLOODY IMPRINT OF A HORSE SHOE ON THE CRUSHED SKULL OF THE VICTIM. THE JOCKEY SAYS THAT HE SAW "LIGHTNING" KICK THE OWNER WHO DIED IMMEDIATELY. THE OFFICER BARKED, "YOU'RE LYING - IT'S MURDER."

THE WOUND SHOWED THAT THE IMPRINT OF THE SHOE WAS "TOE-UP." IF THE HORSE HAD KICKED KORN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN "TOE-DOWN." THE WEAPON WAS FOUND. A HORSE SHOE WIRE - ONTO A CLUB - THE JOCKEY CONFESSED - SOLUTION



THE VICTIM AND THE WEAPON -



# TNT TODD

ACE  
G-MAN

A WAVE OF  
CRIME SWEEPS  
THE COUNTRY!  
ROBBERIES,  
MURDERS,  
KIDNAPINGS,  
DEFY SOLUTION.  
ON A DARK  
BACK STREET  
STROLLS TODD  
LOOKING FOR  
SOME LEAD!



IN THE  
BLACK  
SHADOWS  
OF A  
WALL  
LURKS A  
SINISTER  
FIGURE,  
GUN IN  
HAND!



WITH A  
SWIFT  
MOVEMENT  
TODD KO'S  
THE THUG!



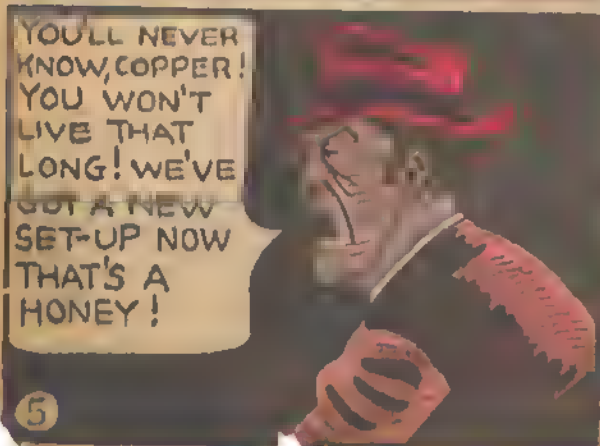
WELL, WELL, DOPEY  
DILLON! WHAT MOB  
ARE YOU WITH NOW?

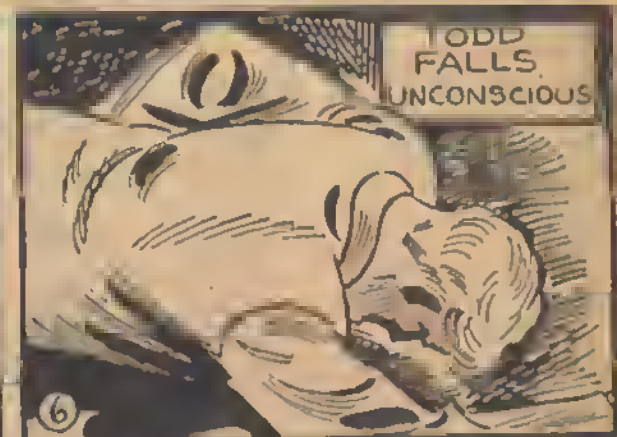
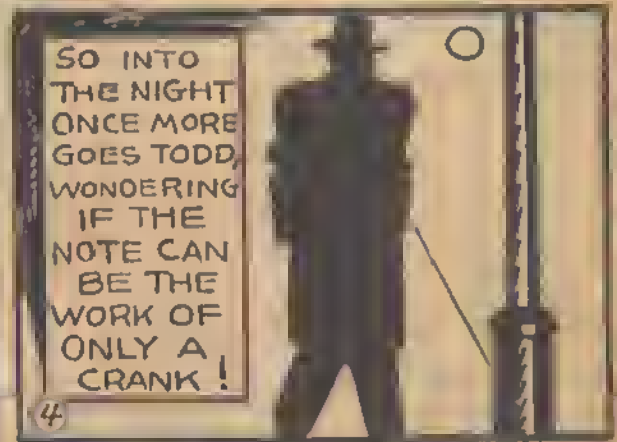


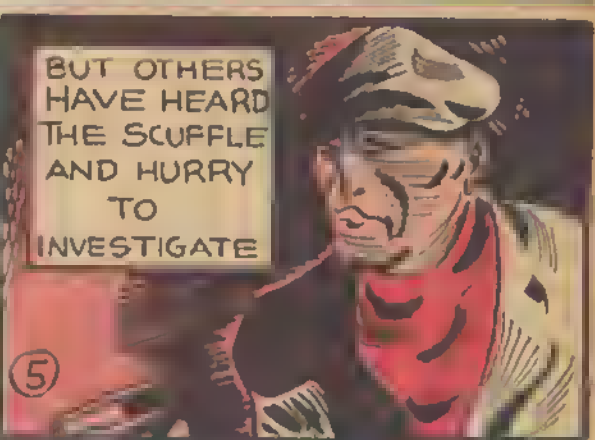
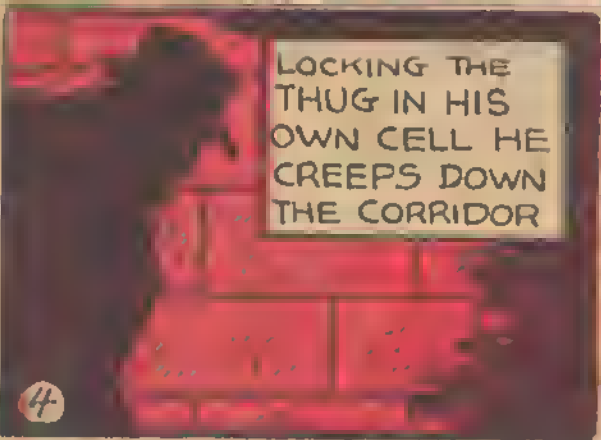
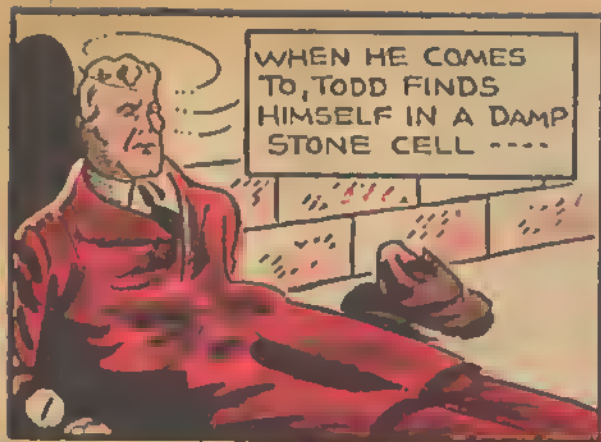
A NEW SET-UP,  
HUH? AND YOU  
WERE HIRED TO  
RUB ME OUT...!  
TCH-TCH-  
TCH----



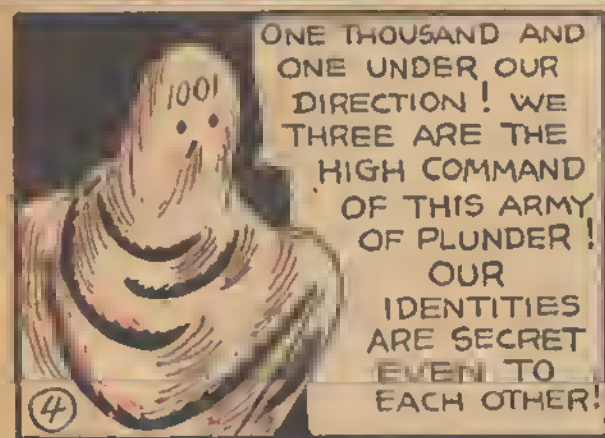
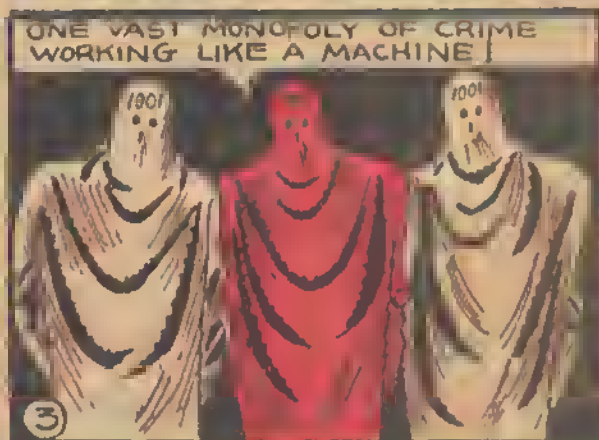
YOU'LL NEVER  
KNOW, COPPER!  
YOU WON'T  
LIVE THAT  
LONG! WE'VE  
GOT A NEW  
SET-UP NOW  
THAT'S A  
HONEY!

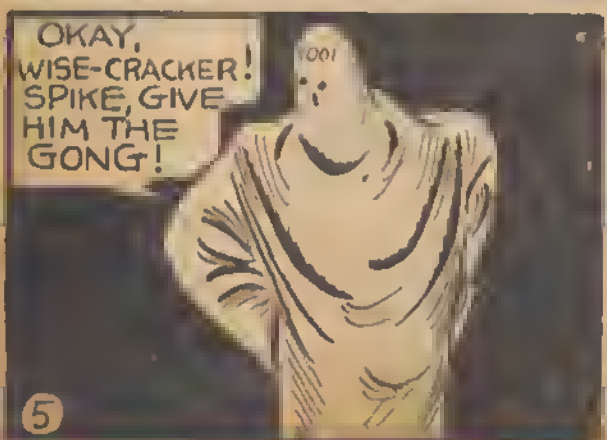












IS TNT TODD'S CAREER AT AN END ---- OR CAN HE ESCAPE TO SMASH THIS HUGE CRIME COMBINE?  
CONTINUED IN OUR  
*Next Issue*

# YOUTHFUL DETECTIVES.

AN EPISODE IN THE COLORFUL CAREER OF DICK FELLOWS  
HIGHWAYMAN... IN WHICH A YOUTH, AT LEAST MOMENTARILY  
BRINGS HIM INTO THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

**I**T WAS ABOUT 1875 WHEN DICK FELLOWS SINGLE HANDED HELD UP A STAGE — COACH OUT OF LOS ANGELES. POPPING OUT OF THE BRUSH, ARMED WITH A PISTOL, FELLOWS COMMANDED THE DRIVER TO DROP THE STRONG BOX TO THE GROUND... HAVING FIRST SENT THE COACH ON ITS WAY... DICK EXAMINED THE BOX AND SINCE HE COULD NOT OPEN IT ON THE SPOT, DECIDED TO TAKE IT ON HIS HORSE... A STOLEN MOUNT... TO A SAFER SPOT. SIGHT OF THE STRANGE BOX FRIGHTENED THE HORSE INTO RUNNING AWAY. UNDAUNTED FELLOWS CARRIED THE BOX TOWARD A SECLUDED SPOT... BUT, ON THE WAY HE FELL, BREAKING HIS LEG... ON OPENING THE BOX HE FILLED HIS POCKETS WITH MONEY, THEN FASHIONED A CRUTCH AND HOBBOLED TO A SMALL RANCH TO STEAL A HORSE. AS THE SCENE OPENS NEWS OF THE ROBBERY HAS REACHED LOS ANGELES AND DETECTIVES ARE SENT TO CATCH THE ROBBER. NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME THE SLEUTHS COME UPON A YOUNGSTER.



HE COMES UPON THE INJURED MAN...  
THE YOUNSTER GOES FOR THE SHERIFF  
WHO IN TURN SENDS FOR THE DETECTIVES



WITH THE AID OF THE SHERIFF, THE  
BOY, WHO IS KNOWN TO US AS TOMMY, TAKES  
THE INJURED DESPERADO TO THE LOCAL  
JAIL.



HE IS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF A HORSE  
STOLEN FROM HIS FATHER'S BARN. THE  
TRAIL IS EASY AS THE SHOE ON THE HIND  
RIGHT HOOF IS A MULE SHOE.

FIGURING THAT AS LONG AS THEY ARE  
ON THE TRAIL OF ONE CRIMINAL THEY MIGHT  
AS WELL CATCH A HORSE THIEF TOO...

THE DETECTIVES TELL THE BOY TO KEEP  
TRAILING THE THIEF, NEVER DREAMING IT  
IS FELLOWS, AND TO SEND FOR THEM AS  
SOON AS HE COMES UPON HIS QUARRY



AS FELLOWS' INJURIES ARE PATCHED HE ADMITS  
THEFT OF THE HORSE... LATER HE ADMITTED  
HE HAD ROBBED THE STAGECOACH.



# THE LIVE DEER

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, WASHINGTON, D.C.

-MANUEL ROSCOFF HAS WRITTEN ME, FROM NEW YORK, THAT HE WILL BE VERY GLAD TO ANSWER HIS SUMMONS TO APPEAR BEFORE THE COMMITTEE NEXT WEEK!



-HIS WILLINGNESS WORRIES ME—HE'S A BAD EGG, AND HE KNOWS WE'VE COMPILED PLENTY OF EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! —I'M AFRAID HE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!



AND IN A SHABBY MANHATTAN OFFICE, WE FIND THE BAD EGG, MANUEL ROSCOFF!

NOW HENRY, YOU ARE SURE THIS TIME-BOMB WILL GO OFF AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT?



MANUEL, YOU HURT ME DEEPLY—HOW CAN YOU DOUBT ME? TIME-BOMBS ARE MY SPECIALTY, YOU KNOW THAT!



I AM SORRY, COMRADE! — VERY WELL, I LEAVE ON A FAST TRAIN TO WASHINGTON TONIGHT! — I WILL PLANT YOUR BOMB IN THE VERY BUILDING WHERE THE COMMITTEE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST US IS KEPT!



SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THERE WILL BE NO COMMITTEE RECORDS! - IN FACT, THERE WILL BE NO BUILDING, AND OF COURSE, NO INVESTIGATION NEXT WEEK!

PAPER?

HENRY, YOU FOOL! - WILL YOU NEVER LEARN TO KEEP THE DOOR LOCKED?!

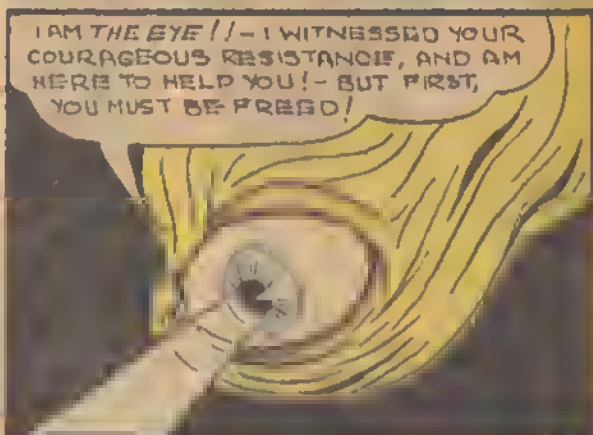
SURE KID!  
- C'MON IN - I'LL TAKE A PAPER!

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH YOU HEARD, BUT WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES! HENRY, GET SOME ROPE!

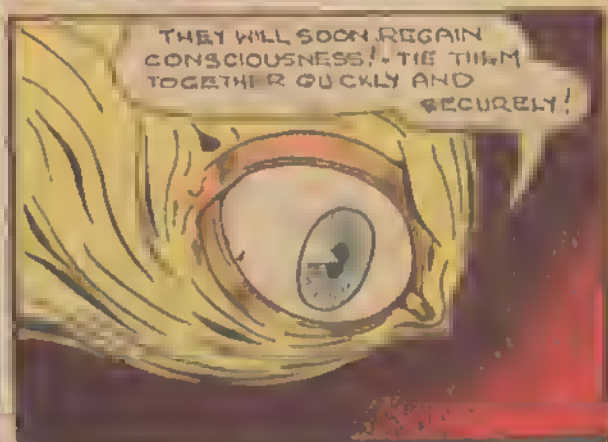
HEY! - LEGGO!

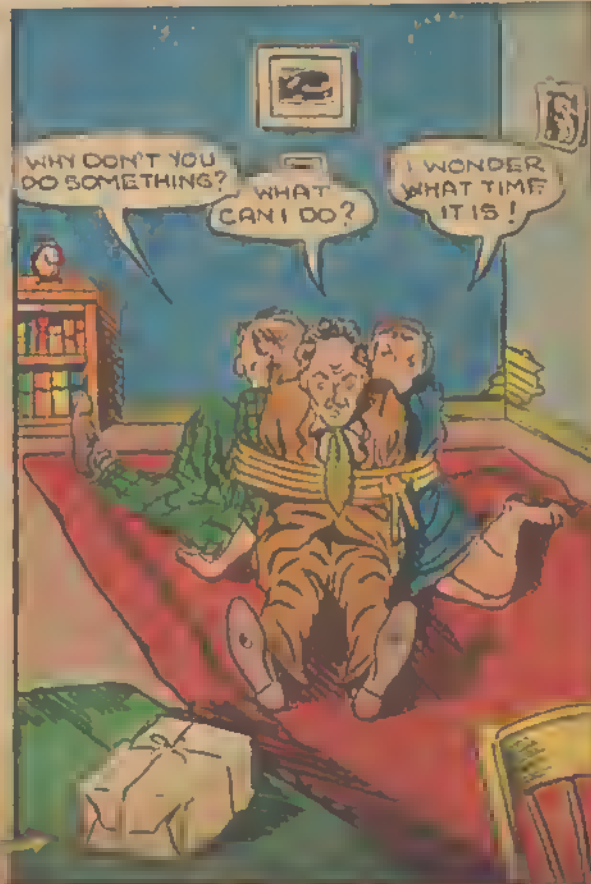
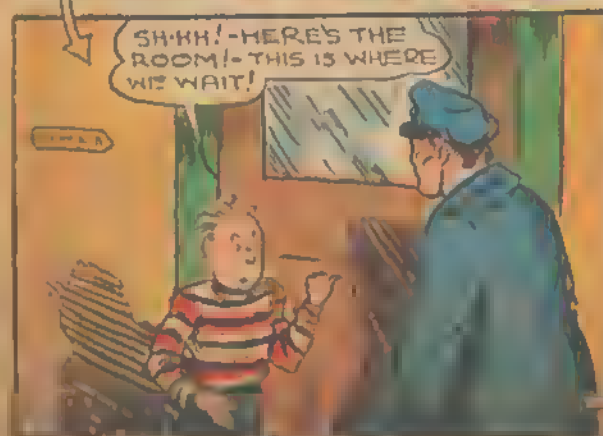
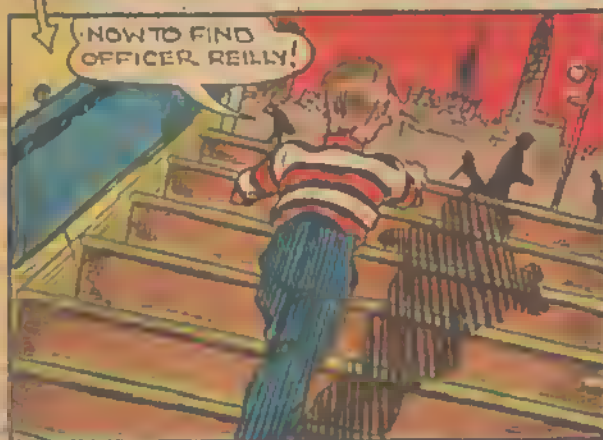
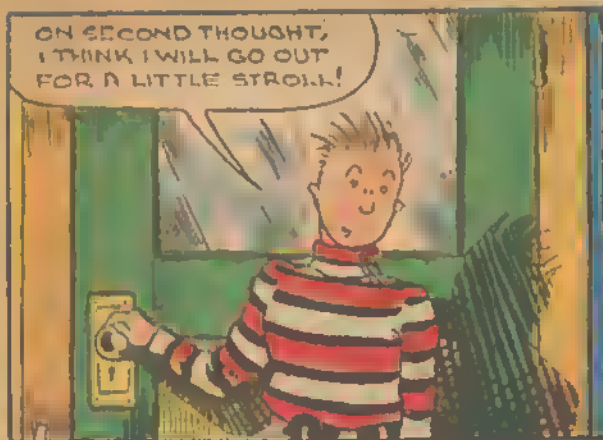
HURRY HENRY! - HE'S A WILDCAT!

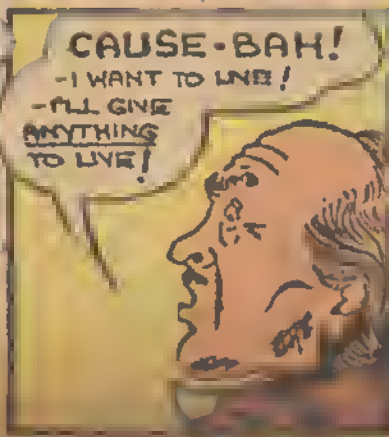
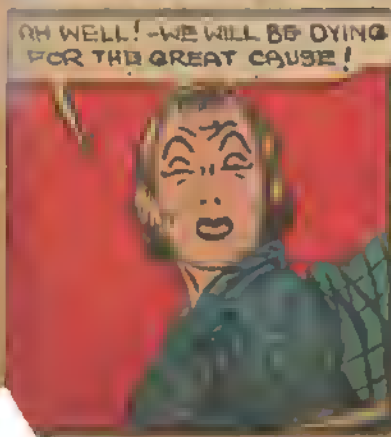
WHUEW! - THAT WILL HOLD HIM!  
- I'M GLAD HE WAS NO BIGGER!



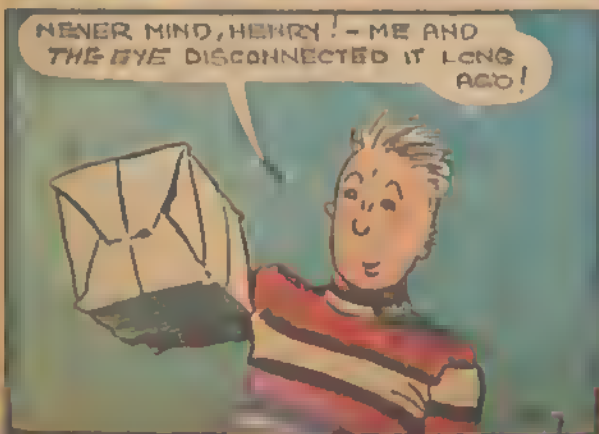
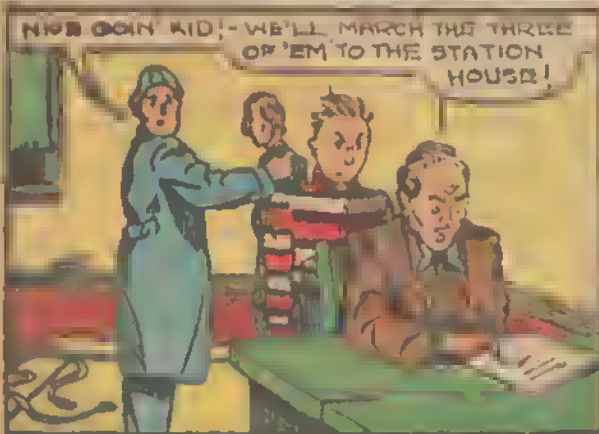
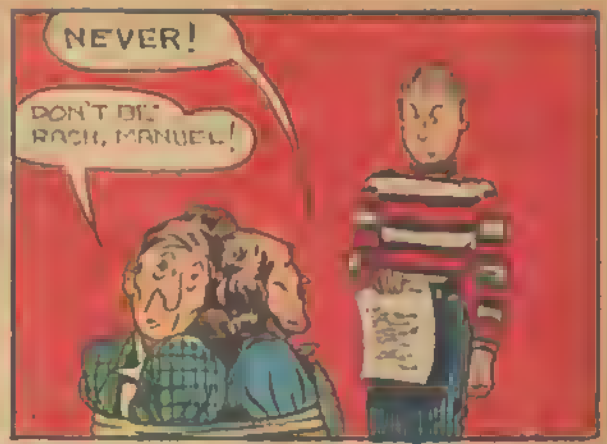












# CRIME CRUSHERS



FAMOUS FOR HIS ORIGINAL METHODS, DETECTIVE BRUCKMAN CRACKED MANY BAFFLING CASES.



MANY MANHATTAN MURDERS HAVE BEEN SOLVED BY SLEUTH BRUCKMAN'S SHREWD DEDUCTIONS - WITH ONLY A FOUNTAIN PEN FOR A CLUE HE GAINED THE SOLUTION OF THE DOLGE CASE - A BLACK BOY FROM A HAT BROUGHT THE SOLUTION OF THE PRATT MYSTERY.



CAPT. HENRY BRUCKMAN

COMMANDER OF NEW YORK POLICE  
EVEN MEN'S  
SHARPEST BUT NOT  
MINDS.



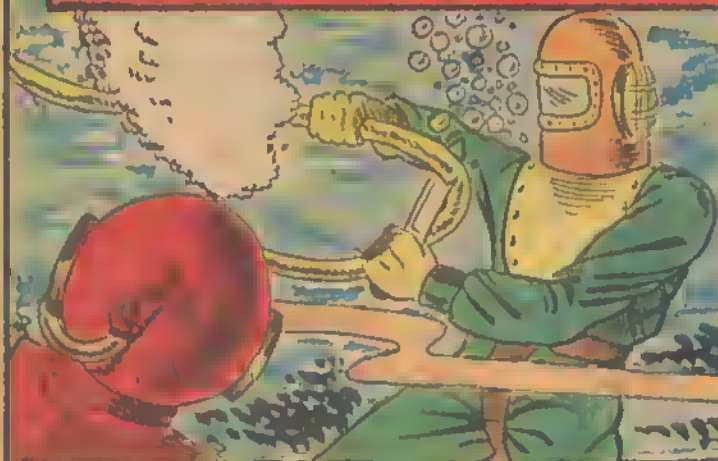
ANOTHER FAMOUS MYSTERY, THE JENNIE BECKER CASE, DETECTIVE BRUCKMAN SOLVED WITH NO CLUE AT ALL -

# DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

## DILEMMA OF THE DEEP

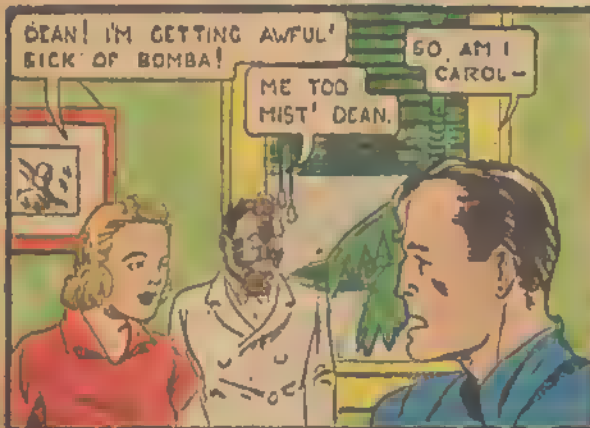
BY YIP HING CHAN



THE CONQUEROR'S PLANE, WITH ITS \$500,000 CARGO OF RADIUM, LIES ON THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC, OFF THE COAST OF THE BELGIAN CONGO.

THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGN OF THE CONQUEROR, WHO JUMPED FROM HIS DISABLED SHIP IN A PARACHUTE.

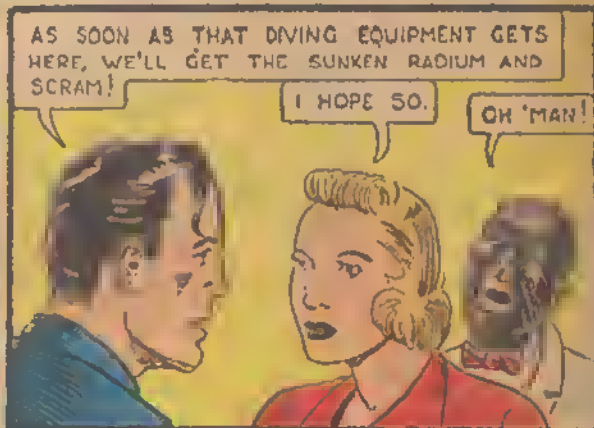
DEAN DENTON, EX-VENTRILOQUIST, AND NOW SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE, WAITS IN BOMBA, B.C., WITH HIS ASSISTANT CAROL, AND HIS VALET ABSALOM, FOR DIVING EQUIPMENT TO SALVAGE THE SUNKEN RADIUM.....



DEAN! I'M GETTING AWFUL SICK OF BOMBA!

SO AM I CAROL—

ME TOO MIST' DEAN.



AS SOON AS THAT DIVING EQUIPMENT GETS HERE, WE'LL GET THE SUNKEN RADIUM AND SCRAM!

I HOPE SO.

OH 'MAN!



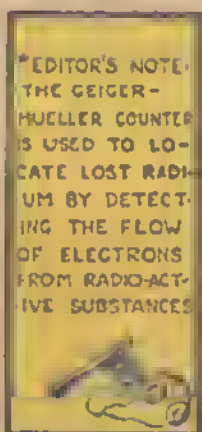
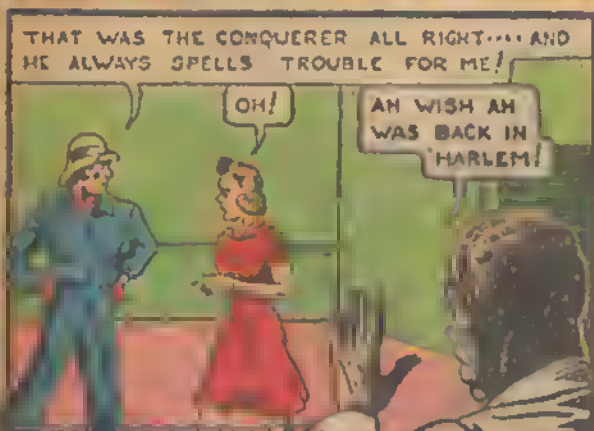
WELL CAROL, THERE'S THE SHIP WITH MY DIVING GEAR.

DEAN! LOOK! THE CONQUEROR!

RED BAT' ROBES—LAWSY!

NEXT DAY AT BOMBA'S WATERFRONT.....





500 FEET? IT CAN'T BE DONE!  
YOU'D DIE OF BENDS! DIVIN'  
THAT DISTANCE!

YES? WELL, I'LL  
DO IT MYSELF  
WITH HELIUM!

\*EDITOR'S NOTE  
BENDS, THE  
BANE OF DIVERS,  
IS CAUSED BY  
NITROGEN  
FORCED INTO  
THE BLOOD BY  
THE PRESSURE  
WHEN THE  
PRESSURE IS  
RELEASED, THE  
NITROGEN FORMS  
BUBBLES, SOME-  
TIMES CAUSING  
BENDS!!

NEXT DAY-AT BOMBA DIVING CO.

HELIUM, M'SIEU DENTON, IT HAPPENS WE DO  
HAVE A FEW TANKS, AND OXYGEN, OF COURSE

PUT IT ABOARD THE  
BOAT FOR ME, WILL  
YOU?

AT THE COMPAGNIE BELGIQUE OFFICES

MEANWHILE ON THE BEACH, A FEW MILES FROM  
BOMBA, THE CONQUEROR AND HIS MEN PREPARE.

YOU HAVE THE BOAT AND DIVING GEAR WE  
'BORROWED'? GOOD! WE'LL FOLLOW DENTON, AND  
LET HIM LEAD US TO THE RADIUM.

OK CHIEF!

WELL ABSEALOM, ROUND UP SOMEBODY TO HELP  
YOU YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE OF THE PUMPS  
WHEN I DIVE FOR THAT RADIUM TOMORROW

COMPAGNIE

I WISH I WAS  
HOME! LAWBY!

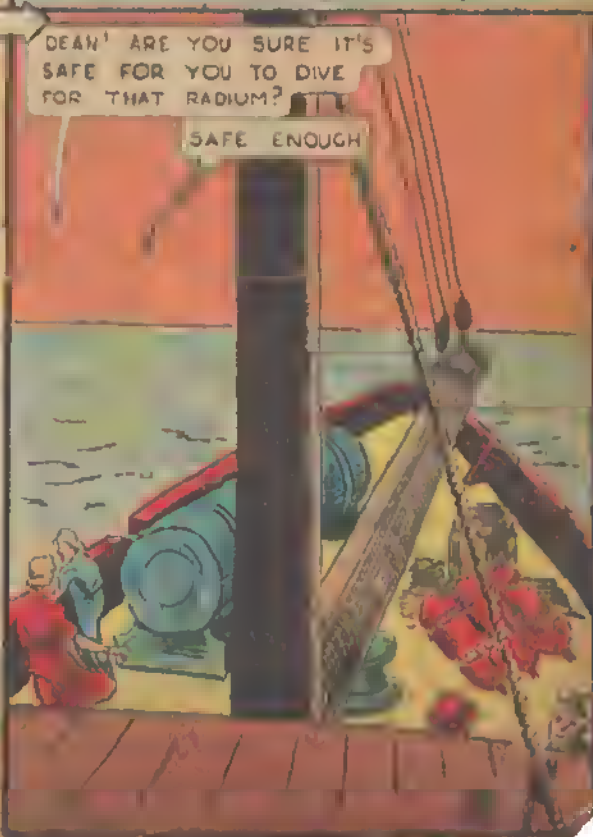
AND THE NEXT MORNING DEAN SAILS

DEAN! ARE YOU SURE IT'S  
SAFE FOR YOU TO DIVE  
FOR THAT RADIUM?

SAFE ENOUGH

IN THE MEANTIME

THERE'S DENTON'S BOAT! FOLLOW  
CAREFULLY!

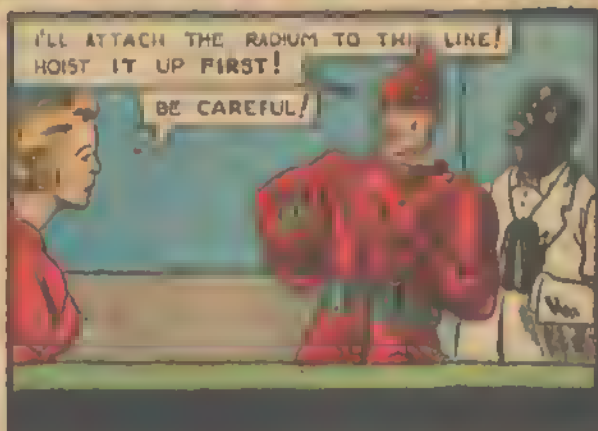




DROP ANCHOR HERE!



THIS PUMP CREW'S NOT SO HOT. IF ANYTHING GOES SOUR, I CAN CUT THESE WEIGHTS LOOSE, AND FLOAT UP!

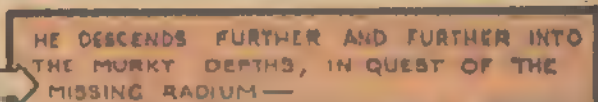


I'LL ATTACH THE RADIUM TO THE LINE! HOIST IT UP FIRST!

BE CAREFUL!



WITH A PRAYER, DEAN DROPS OVER THE SIDE!



HE DESCENDS FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS, IN QUEST OF THE MISSING RADIUM—



THERE GOES DENTON—I'LL FOLLOW! IF HE SENDS UP THE RADIUM—GRAB IT!



MEANTIME—ON THE CONQUEROR'S BOAT—...



THE CONQUEROR GOES OVER THE SIDE OF HIS BOAT—FOLLOWING DEAN!



DEAN RECOVERS THE RADIUM FROM THE SUB-MERGED PLANE—



THE CONQUEROR ALIGHTS BESIDE DEAN—



500 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE, THE CONQUEROR, FINDING THE RADIUM GONE, ATTACKS DEAN—



A BLOW FLOORS THE CONQUEROR—



ENRAGED, THE CONQUEROR DRAWS A KNIFE  
AND SLASHES DEAN'S AIR HOSE —



TO SAVE THE AIR, DEAN DOUBLES THE  
HOSE —



— CUTS LOOSE THE WEIGHT ON HIS  
DIVING SUIT —



— AND SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE CONQUEROR'S MEN  
ATTACK DEAN'S BOAT —

THANKS FOR  
THE RADIUM!

YOU-YOU  
BEASTS!



DEAN!



